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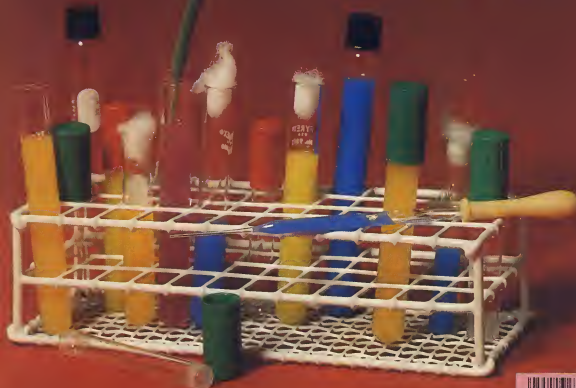
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April is cancer month, and the yellow-bright daffodils are reminders once again that thousands of Canadians are suffering from a disease that remains a medical enigma. With Terry Fox's \$20-million gift to cancer research now being disbursed among hundreds of projects, the focus is once again on the donors and scientists who are striving to find a cure. Senior writer Val Ross chronicles the hunt.

—Paula Harris



After years of delay the \$8-billion space shuttle carries America's dreams aloft. — Page 23

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Insert artist Kenyush's first onewoman show signals a major shift in her work. —Page 69



The *Honoring* is keeping the wolf from the door for Canadian-born Elizabeth Brackley. —Page 36



Yves Pinard could finally tell the House a constitutional deal had been struck. — Page 34



Charles Bracsmann's Seagran's abandons a \$2-billion take-over, but her own continues. — *Page 44*

[illegible]

• Informing others of your plans

Jogger's wild

Your article on running (*The Science of Running*, Cover, April 6) failed to offer any real insight into people who run these "paltry 32 to 40 km a week." Yet these people unquestionably contribute to the science of running. Being one of these types myself, I wonder what you were hoping to accomplish by appealing to extremists while misleading people through the article's title.

BRUCE CHURCHILL,
Winnipeg

Conspicuous in its absence

Your article *The West Bank Settlers Do as Their Neigh* (Dateline, March 30) provided some interesting insight into the way Israelis feel about abandoning their settlements on the West Bank. However, I was rather surprised to see that although the article focused on an area with 700,000 Palestinians and only 18,000 Israelis, not a single Palestinian was quoted. Doesn't this seem like something of an oversight?

—CHRYSLA L. WEST,
Toronto

Air force

It is touching to realize that the Soviet Union knows and is concerned about the state of a "1,000-watt locally run" radio station on our northern border (*Radio Moscow Comes to Tui*, Canada, March 30).



Running just for the health of it

(3) Have we Canadians become so devoid of reason that we spend millions of dollars on an associated constitution and trillions of dollars on needlessly imposed oil yet cannot wrap together the piece of a used car to defend our northern border against the propaganda of the world's largest dictatorship?

—BART AND JACQUEE JOSEPH
Regina

The silent partner

The chilling story by William Lowther (*Disappearance to Death*, World, April 3) shows that the U.S. is now actively co-operating with El Salvador's junta in

the torture and death of refugees. Editorial Affairs Minister Macdonald's response to this will also probably be equivocal. In my opinion, Secretary of State Binay is oversteering to the big lie, perfected by the Nazis, when he proclaims that the struggle for people against the many night-winged dictatorships in Latin America, and the successful overthrow of the hated U.S.-installed Somoza family in Nicaragua, were all planned and directed from Moscow.

—MARTIN S. HARRIS
Chatham, N.S.

Barking back

Thank you very much for Elizabeth Gray's article on sexual harassment (*Heeding Them Off at the Pines* (Canada, April 6). I am a second-year Carleton journalism student. When the press conference was held I reacted as did many other students. I thought it had been handled all wrong. I saw many students who had supported the three women prior to the conference turn angrily away. But after some thought, it is easy to see that if blame for the whole mess has to be placed somewhere, it belongs to the professor or professors who have been accused of acting in an inappropriate manner in the first place. By all rights, the students should not have had to have a meeting to discuss sexual harassment and there never should have been a question of whether or not to hold a press conference stemming from that meeting.

—JOANNE HORTON,
Ottawa

PASSAGES



REIGNING Michael Cassidy, 43, an leader of Ontario's New Democratic Party. A leadership convention will be held next February. A former journalist and teacher, Cassidy led the NDP for three years and won the March 19 election, in which the party dropped from 33 to 21 seats.

RUNNING Andrew Young, 49, controversial former U.S. ambassador to the UN, far mayor of Atlanta, Ga., is the Oct. 6 election Young resigned as ambassador in 1979 after meeting with a neo-fascist, violating the Carter administration's policy. Maynard Jackson, 45, the first black mayor of Atlanta, is not eligible to run for a third term.

DEFECTED Bela Karolyi, 38, coach of the 1976 Montreal Olympics' sweetheart, gymnast Nadia Comaneci, from

Rumania to the U.S. Interference by the Rumanian government with their women's team caused Knapp, along with wife, Marie, and the team's top choreographer, Greta Posner, to remain in New York after the U.S. tour returned to Bucharest.

APPOINTED Marc Eyskens, 46, as prime minister of Belgium by King Baudouin, thus ending the political crisis created by the collapse of the coalition government, headed by Wilfried Martens, at the end of March. Eyskens immediately introduced economic reforms claiming that "Belgium needs social peace."



APPOINTED Abby Hoffman, 34, as director of Sport Canada, the federal government body responsible for the enhancement of funds to amateur sports programs, effective July 6.

A former 800-metre track star of Olympics, Commonwealth and Pan-Am

Games, she turned her first sports controversy at 11 while playing goal for a Toronto boys' hockey team. She joined Dick Knapp, acting director since January, 1980.



DEED Gen Omar Bradley, 88, following a heart attack in the vicinity of New York's Newark 11 Club. The late U.S. five star general, he was known as the "G.I. general" and was field commander of 1.3 million men during the Second World War. Regarded as one of the country's greatest field generals, the heroically broken was among his many victories "As far as I am concerned," he had said, "war itself is immoral."

APPOINTED Michael Bell, 38, formerly interim director of the National Gallery of Canada, as director and chief executive officer of the Holmbeck Canadian Collection in Kitchener, Ont., effective July 1.

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Yes, and then again no

After reading Lawrence O'Toole's review of the film *Back Roads* (The Last Whimpering and Dying Road), Film, March 16, I'm confused. He says: "Still, *Back Roads* is an agreeable [that's good] series of disbits [that's bad], occasionally lifted out of the commonplace [that's bad] by Sally Field's performance [that's good]. It takes little from you [that's good] and gives back as much [that's bad]." If the movie wasn't in color, you would almost think it was made during the Depression. And that's good—or is it bad? Hugs!

—HILLARIE BLATT,
Edmonton

Hot to fox-trot

I must register my protest to John Fauntzmann's article *Shining a Light on Fitness* (Lifestyles, March 26), in which he takes an unfair swipe at an excellent Vancouver dance/movement studio, Terpischere, as a faddish rip-off program. Terpischere existed long before the current mania for fitness crazed, the teachers are devoted to the concept of making exercise and dance fun, safe, loving and, above all, safe. The teachers are continually expanding their knowledge to keep their classes fresh and interesting and there is a continuous dialogue between teachers and students. It is precisely this communication that makes Terpischere a successful, profitable and flourishing enterprise, and not merely a storefront studio that will disappear once the fitness craze has subsided.

—PATY COHEN,
Vancouver

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Sally Field, riding a carousel of sins

John Fauntzmann's article makes statements about our school that have left many of us, students and teachers alike, speechless with incomprehension over his incredible misrepresentation of our work at Terpischere. If Mr. Fauntzmann cannot be chastised with words, then, free of charge, I invite him to spend a class at Terpischere, after which I am sure he will feel inclined to eat his words.

—DEBBIE SCOTT,
McRae de Ballet,
Terpischere, Vancouver

Beginnings of a bad rumor

I've just about had enough of "Bo Derek brads" (The High Price of Freedom, Lifestyle, March 16). Abrams have been wearing their hair in this style for hundreds of years; 36 years ago my mother styled my current hair in braids, and Cindy Tyler, among others, has appeared on television since the 1960s wearing braids. What makes it particularly Bo Derek? With this notion so current, I can easily see how it is said that blacks have no culture and therefore nothing to contribute to this and any other society.

—RENEE CHRISTOPHER,
Windsor, Ont.

Ranking in the ranks

Your article *How Two Members Got Their Own Man* (Canada, March 9) quoted Superintendent Ray Byrne as saying: "In all fairness, these accused should not get the benefits of counsel which have been previously denied to others." This was his reason why the senior management of the force appended the decision was by the Association of 17 Detendants which give members of the force the right to be represented by legal counsel in service court proceedings. As a Canadian, as well as a member of the RCMP and the Association of 17 Detendants, I object strenuously to Superintendent Byrne's reasoning. If

we were to accept Byrne's reasoning, then Abraham Lincoln would never have been able to abolish slavery—for it would have been unfair to give these this freedom which had been previously denied to others. Using such reasoning, we could probably have kept the world in the dark ages for eternity.

—JIM BELL,
Barnaby, B.C.

In the final analysis

I read *The Profits of Doom at the Edge of the Cataclysm* (Behaviour, March 16) with much interest and a growing sense of fear and frustration. What frustrations are are in not so much the possibility of a nuclear war, but the probability of such a catastrophe if people continue to subscribe to the delusion that there can be "winners" in a nuclear war. In the event of a nuclear conflagration there can be no winners, only losers.

—SANDRA R. LORTON,
Calgary

From all walks of life

Your article *Atkeshian on Their Minds* (The Canada, March 22) was excellent. In my opinion, however, you failed to mention one of the most important reasons why the Alberta Correspondence School should not move to Barrhead. Partly due to slow postal service, which would only be slower in Barrhead, a quarter of our 12,000 students walk into an office to register in person, deliver lessons, etc. Our statistics indicate that 3,000 of Edmonton's 5,000 students would not take correspondence courses from us if we were not so accessible to them.

—WYNNE BARNES,
Edmonton

Casting the first stone

Anthony Whittingham's glib and right-ones/song write-off of the annual marketing awards (And Now a Word From Our Sponsor, Business, March 22) would imply that, by mutual consent, the judges strove to hear middle-of-the-road mediocrity in their selection of 1988's top ads, commercials and campaigns. Put down of advertising has always been fashionable. Yet it might be contended that, when comes to advertising, we get what we ask for. Advertisers are, if nothing else, pragmatic. They do what they have found, through expensive trial and error, is most likely to work. And what works is what we, the target audience, identify with and respond to.

—GERGIE E. RALMANS,
Windsor, Ont.

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PODIUM

Pawns on a cold war battleground

'Elementary freedoms are at stake in Latin America'

By David North

As the waxy men in the Kremlin agonize over their next move in Poland, they must look with envy at the speed with which, almost unopposed, the Reagan administration is restoring United States hegemony over the little states of Latin America. Despite a short-lived lull and envy in the American press, the opportunity in El Salvador now finds itself without many of the powerful friends in the West who have helped to sustain its prolonged struggle against dictatorship, while already there are unmistakable signs that U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig is moving on to his next target, Nicaragua.

The recent U.S. success over El Salvador has had much to do with the differing diplomatic priorities of the Western allies, which the U.S. has exploited cleverly. West Germany, for example, one of the leading financial backers of the El Salvador opposition, last month was persuaded to drop a plan to host secret talks between President José Napoleón Duarte and the leader of the opposition front, Guillermo Manuel Borge. Earlier, when West German Foreign Minister Hans Dietrich Genscher visited Washington, there was warm support from Haig for an East-West summit and for talks on reduction of their nuclear weapons in Europe, both subjects of vital concern to the hard-pressed government of Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. There has also been heavy pressure in the American Roman Catholic hierarchy to drop its support for the Salvadorean opposition and, when that failed, the authority of the Vatican was enhanced. Then there have been the direct interventions in the form of increased military and economic aid, the sending of advisers and, it now appears, the shipping back to El Salvador of as many as 1,000 weapons, most of which evidently destined as the death squads would know exactly when to utilize and murder.

It is the lack of information about events in El Salvador, however, that has been critical in creating the climate for such maneuvering. No fewer than five members of the international press corps have disappeared or been murdered in El Salvador itself during the past year. Thus many correspondents are afraid to go there while others are afraid to go back. In Washington, the state department has presented a highly selective version of events at the behest of the Carter, then of the Reagan, administration. Thus the junta is still fond in many minds as the same moderate, shy, retiring creature that the U.S. helped into the limelight as General Carlos Romera's departure in 1982. In fact, it is a beast red in tooth and claw with the blood, says Amnesty International, of 12,000 opponents. As with the junta, so with Soviet and Cuban military aid—estimates of guerrilla arms have been "manufactured" to meet official policy requirements, according to former U.S.

ambassador to El Salvador Robert White. In fact, the major recent source of the guerrilla's arms is Costa Rica, the Sandinista's arrival during the overthrow of Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza. The Reagan administration knows this but has suppressed the knowledge because Costa Rica, whose reputation as Latin America's model democracy dates more recent, strongly conservative trends in its government, is a useful ally in another aspect of policy toward El Salvador: the promotion of the dubious claims of José Napoleón Duarte as a "democratic" leader.

In addition, it seems, Washington wishes to create a hostile climate of opinion toward Nicaragua and it may have strong reasons. Diffuse far left experiments apart, for wishing to use the Sandinista revolutionary government replaced by one that is more compliant. Nicaragua is the only Latin American country in recent years to have succeeded in overthrowing a U.S.-backed authoritarianism and as such offers a model for other client states that is clearly contrary to American interests. Moreover, unlike Cuba, which has powerful support from the Soviet Union, the Sandinista government has no champions. It remains limited and from countries with a wide range of political affiliations—West Germany, Mexico and Cuba—but its people are still impoverished as they struggle to rebuild a country ravaged by civil war.

Nicaragua, therefore, is a country ripe for destabilization and, with the establishment of a diplomatic corridor between the two countries, that some such process is in progress. The U.S. has suspended food aid. And while Haig mounts an unacknowledged verbal offensive against Nicaragua as to its commitment, preserving its attempts to establish a citizens' force to defend itself as an aggressive act, former Somoza National Guards are reported training in Honduras—stopping up border crossings from neighboring Honduras.

That country played a pivotal role in U.S. attempts to regroup the Salvadorean junta, providing the launch pad for the helicopters used in anti-guerrilla sorties along the border. If its troops were responsible for the Sanjuelo River massacre when 500 fleeing Salvadorean peasants were shot down. Now there are reports that mercenaries are being recruited in Honduras—who's paying the bill for that?—for operations against Nicaragua.

So our democracy is debauched, for it is the elementary freedoms, not a Soviet-Cuban take-over, that are at stake in Latin America. So, too, are the seeds being laid for the next generation of fighting between despots and dictators. As for the man in the Kremlin—they may well conclude that the West has forfeited any moral grounds for opposing the reimposition of their hegemony in Poland.

David North is Maclean's foreign editor.



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DATELINE: BEIRUT

Where have all the museum treasures gone?

Mystery surrounds the disappearance of Lebanese artifacts

By Sean Toolan

Maurice Chéhab lowered his head, bowed to the wall behind his desk and pointed in the direction of a small blackened hole in the plaster. "I was sitting at my desk," he explained, "when the shot came. The bullet hit only six inches over my head, and I ask you, who would want to shoot at an old archbishop?"

Chéhab's office, which is also his home, is an annex of the Lebanese Na-

tional Museum. Even though the war is over, Chéhab's museum is still not safe, for there is a sadness about Beirut—shootings are an everyday occurrence, and violence has flared up this month. The police and Lebanese army are powerless to control the gangs of armed militias, and the only apparent authority is the Syrian army, brought in by the Lebanese government to halt the civil war. The Syrian troops have been here since, and are mistrusted by Lebanese Muslims, who say the soldiers sleep with the



Ancient museum pieces, circa 2000 BC, depicting figures of indigenous and Assyrian origin.

tional Museum, a once-majestic building that sits directly on the Green Line, the string of checkpoints separating Christian Beirut from Muslim Beirut. The line was erected when the Lebanese civil war ended in an uneasy truce five years ago. The war split the country, and little effort since has been made to bring Christians and Muslims together.

But, most distressing for Chéhab, was the fact that his beloved museum was on the path of fighting that killed 30,000 people in two years. The building, battered from shelling and hand-grenade attacks, is pockmarked with gaping holes, is surrounded by debris, and needs for restoration.

Bornal Christians during the frequent clashes, and the troops are hated by the Christians, who say they have no business on Lebanese land.

Chéhab, director general of the museum since 1969, is frequently referred to by his staff as *Khalil Maan*. At 78, he is thought of as a hero by those who claim to love Lebanese national history, and as a fool by others who see Lebanon as a permanently shell-shocked refugee camp that will never recover from the war. For the past five years Chéhab has been caught in the middle of a curious controversy over the fate of thousands of precious museum treasures that have allegedly disappeared since the end of the civil war. It's a mystery worthy of



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this city. Beirut has long been a place of intrigue, a town where, for a price, you can get anything done, and where, since the civil war, scarcely has raised. The British diplomat-turned-spy, Kim Philby, operated from here just before fleeing to the Soviet Union in the late '50s. Intelligence agents from a dozen countries received and passed information in the bar and lobby of the St. Georges Hotel before it was gutted in the war. And there is every reason to suspect the successors to those agents still operate in other locations in the city. It's this atmosphere of intrigue and betrayal that leads Maurice Chéhab to growl: "I will never tell where the museum treasures are. Only three people in the world



know: me, my wife, and the president of the Lebanese Republic. And that is too many people."

Since the war ended, a few attempts have been made to try to solve the tantalizing problem. As a matter of fact, Interpol looked into reports of missing treasures when the war ended, but the international police agency was limited to distributing descriptions of some museum pieces throughout Europe and North America. All agency spokesmen say they did not expect, and did not get, any information back.

At its greatest peak, before the civil war, the museum was filled with antique Phoenician jewelry of Persian and Greek influence, pre-Christian-era drinking cups from early Egypt, Persian and Greek vases from northern Lebanon and shards of jewelry sent as gifts from the Egyptian pharaohs to the Lebanese kings of Tyre. Chéhab talks with enthusiasm of the days when Lebanon was the crossroad for conquerors and merchants. And many of the treasures fought here and destroyed the southern Lebanese town of Tyre, crucifying three-

sands of its inhabitants when they refused to surrender. Muslims battled the crusaders here, and now the Israelis cross the Lebanese border almost at will to attack Palestinian camps.

Chéhab, warning to the subject, recalls: "There was Roman antique jewelry from Tyre and Arabic jewelry from all parts of the Middle East. There were marble masonry houses from 400 BC, murals of Greek legend and a large collection of Roman mosaics and lead coffins from the end of the Roman period in Lebanon." Chéhab is unaware he's speaking in the past tense, and when requested to simply say, "I will not tell where the treasures are." He repeats firmly that the treasures were



Chéhab (left), antique museum (above), southern Beirut neighborhood jammed with shell-shocked refugees camp



damaged or looted during the civil war. "I prepared for that war," he says indignantly. "I knew it was coming. I could feel it in the air."

It's hard to believe that the museum's contents were not damaged. The area abounds with armed groups of Christian and Muslim militias and Syrian soldiers and companies of Syrian troops now live in the museum.

The Syrian occupation, and the fact that Syrian army permission, not Lebanese, is needed to enter the museum, has forced many the museum has been looted and

many of the treasures taken out of the country. These days Beirut is closed to Beirut at the end of the Second World War. "It's a place," says one Lebanese shopkeeper, "where anything can be bought or sold. There is no control here." The Lebanese don't ask too many questions of the Syrian army. "Just like the Germans didn't ask the British and Americans what they did in Berlin," the shopkeeper explains. "There is fear in Beirut," he continues. "The Syrians can stop people, search them and arrest them if they want to. I do not know what happened in the museum, but I believe, and many people believe, the treasures are gone." Beirut newspapers have reported that five million dollars



of treasures have been stolen, "but that is stupid," says Chéhab. "I know they have not been stolen, but I will not say where they are." He reluctantly tells the story that has made him a hero to many Lebanese museum admirers: "My wife and I stayed here when the fighting started, and we were bombed many times, but I had to stay, it is my museum. Late at night my wife and I took out many of the treasures by car. We drove through the fighting to save them. Sometimes a member of my staff would help us to carry them down to the car. But I could not ask them to risk going through the fighting." Chéhab refuses to say if any treasures were left behind. He also relates what he says is "inevitable" when armies occupy museums: the soldiers were rapping up the wood from the walls and floors to make fires, so we built them simple shelters in the building to save the museum from being damaged. I do not often go into the museum anymore—I need permission and it hurts me to see the soldiers there.

So far, there has been no evidence to indicate that the museum has been looted, but by the same token there is no evidence the treasures are safe. There is only the battered bulk of a once internationally known museum, and the word of one man that 4,000 years of precious history was lost or safe while everything around the building was looted and burned to the ground. ☐

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From oil rags to oil shale riches

New Brunswick's Albert County just may hold the key to oil wealth for the province

By David Folster

Benefiting on Oiligants Bay, an elongated inlet at the head of the Bay of Fundy, New Brunswick's Albert County has a couple of geographical advantages to its credit. Fundy National Park and the so-called "flower pot rocks," great pillars of stone shaped by Fundy's extreme tides at Hopewell Cape. But Albert County's most intriguing resource is one tourists can easily miss—the tons of oil-bearing shale rock that lie just beneath its surface. The flinty stone is Canada's largest-known concentration of oil shale, and it may someday elevate New Brunswick to the envied status of an oil-producing province.

Shale oil belongs to that family of crude oil replacements called synthetic fuels or "synfuels" (Others include gasohol, coal oil and oil from tar sands.) Its genesis occurred eons ago when ancient algae re-



lated, leaving rich bottom deposits of plant and animal matter. In time, this organic material formed a hydrocarbon called kerogen that, when heated, can be found from the stratified rock in yield oil. The trick is to do it in an economically feasible way—no small task now complex technology involved. But where it can be done, the potential rewards are enormous. Based on test drilling by Canadian General Petroleum Ltd., just one square mile of the New Brunswick shale is estimated to contain 566 million barrels of oil, of which 318 million barrels are considered recoverable. And, says New Brunswick government geologist Don Greenwell, "there are another 1,000 square miles that haven't been tested yet." A New Brun-



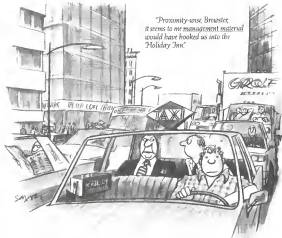
Shale mining crew in 1877 (top). Eugene Lewis (left) Abraham Gesner (middle), early shale crushing mechanism; frustrating situation with oil



wick government submission to the National Energy Board last fall boasted that as much as 30 billion barrels of oil may be locked in the Albert Formation (more than 1½ times present Alberta reserves). "The key is the extraction technology," says provincial Natural Resources Minister J.W. Bell, who wants the federal government to pump in research funds as it is doing in the case of Saskatchewan's heavy-oil development program. "We simply want Ottawa to redirect some of the money that is available for energy technology development to the New Brunswick oil shale," he says. So far, Os-

tawa's response has been cautious, pending a federal technical committee's evaluation of the shale prospects.

What all of this adds up to so far, however, is just another chapter in New Brunswick's remarkably frustrating flirtation with oil over the years. As long ago as the 18th, a fluke-playing, banjo-wielding physician-turned-geologist, Abraham Gesner, recognized a jet-black shiny mineral he found in Albert County as a hardseed petroleum similar to ones he had seen years earlier at Trinidad's famous "Pitch Lake." Gesner presented in



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Dr. Geza Mezger: 20 billion barrels of oil

al" (later nicknamed Albertelli) But, ironically, a New Brunswick coal field built into a mother lode of the natural by mining, erroneously, that it was coal (for which mining rights belonged to somebody else). Disgraced, Greer took off for New York, where he helped establish the largest kerowase works in the U.S., laying the foundation for the American oil refining industry.

In 1929 New Brunswick had another brush with oil-based glory when a district from Pittsburgh, drilling just across the Petawawa River from Albert County, found two streams of petroleum and natural gas. But when word was flashed from Titusville, Pa., that Col. Edwin D. Drake had just turned "Drake's folly" into the world's first producing oil well, the hapless chemist peddled up his gear and headed for home, he was convinced the excitement would never need two oil wells. Historically, the great inhibitor to the Albert shale development has been the ready availability of cheaper oil from other sources. That was why in 1967 to 1968, for example, an American company didn't pursue an extraction process even after receiving a test report declaring the oil yield "economically satisfactory" from 30 tons of Albert shale it sent to Scotland for experimentation. And again in 1968, after studying results from 75 test barrels, Ottawa and advisors from Washington's Petroleum Administration for War ruled out developing the shales. But, says geologist Geza Mezger, the drilling fear decides us; oil's reach the richest shale basins, "I think the time is coming when they're going to have a hard time finding a cheaper source."

But resources are still a problem. Geza's estimates it will cost \$12 billion to build a shale processing plant to produce 30,000 barrels of oil a day. Moreover, to build a return on investment, the oil would have to sell for \$25 a barrel—or nearly \$14

more than Canada's current subsidized price. Another difficulty is caused by the fact that, for every 50,000 barrels of oil, the plant must process 30,000 tons of rock, of which some 155,770 tons would be waste. Spent shale can't simply be put back into the ground because, in being processed for processing, its volume increases 15 to 20 per cent. Potentially, the mining and subsequent disposal represent an enormous environmental problem. But New Brunswick geologists believe they might be able to reduce the waste problem by extracting additional usable materials from the shale, notably phosphorus and ammonium sulphate, both used to make fertilizers.

Meanwhile, the United States, having decided that shale oil is important to its desires for greater petroleum self-sufficiency, is hurtling ahead with research into extraction methods. Last year the Americans spent \$150 million on efforts to tap into huge shale deposits that stretch from Colorado into Wyoming and Utah. Most of the methods involve mining the rock underground and hauling it to the surface for processing in resorts. But in one highly innovative approach, Occidental Petroleum Corporation and Texaco Oil Company plan to dig down to the shale seams, fracture them with explosive charges, set fire to the resulting piles of rubble and pump out the emerging oil. Despite the technique's simplicity, the companies hope it eventually will yield 36,300 barrels of oil a day.

By contrast, with the large American effort, Canada's oil shale research is almost negligible. To date this country has concentrated its symbolic efforts on the Alberta tar sands. But some researchers believe it would be a mistake for Canada merely to wait for the Americans to produce the appropriate oil shale technology. These include Dagny Lewis of the University of New Brunswick, who points out that the Albert shale is vastly different and won't be satisfied by the Americans unless they want to extract the oil from it. Therefore, says Lewis, "I think it's in our best interests that we pursue this venture rather than have it done south of the border." As chairman of the university's latest engineering department, Lewis currently is involved in a modest three-funded project examining the shale's properties and how it behaves when heated with microwave.

The New Brunswick government plans to call for exploration proposals on some of the shale land soon. "This time you come for us to take a serious look at what we have," says Natural Resources Minister Bird. "So we're going to test the market. The response we get to our proposal call will tell us something." Bird admits that wringing oil from shale won't be easy and will be expensive. But he predicts, "There will be a time when shale oil is a feasible" ☐



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they did as prison work. The British announced they were going to abandon the special category status as of March 1, 1978, in order to "normalise" the IRA. They were going to cut them off from the prestige of being political prisoners or prisoners of war.

Maclean's: What was the response of the IRA?

Coogan: When they began to be sentenced under the new regime, the first of them, Clauran Magent, refused to wear the prison uniform and stayed naked in his cell. Gradually, he was joined by others. For their breach of prison regulations they were denied bedding, exercise, visits and newspapers.

Maclean's: How did the "dirty protest" begin?

Coogan: When the warders fed the IRA prisoners in the morning, they came with two trolleys: one carried food, the other soap and toilet roll. The warders began a custom of either knocking over the pots, or loading them back half full. So the IRA started throwing the feces out the window, and the warders threw them back in again. Eventually, the IRA began to smear the excrement on the walls of their cells. Hundreds of men and women were living for several years in cells with the walls soaked with excrement.

Maclean's: The majority of the men and women in the dirty protest were members of the MA, a terrorist organization whose crimes included murders, bombings, beatings, shootings. Were they justified in choosing special category status?

Coogan: Let me quote from a statement made by Cardinal Tomás Ó Fiaich in 1978, after he had visited the H Blocks: "The authorities refuse to admit that these prisoners are in a different category from the ordinary, yet everything about their trials and family background indicates that they are different. They were sentenced by special courts without jury. The vast majority were convicted on allegedly voluntary confessions obtained in circumstances which are now placed under grave suspicion."

How can one explain the jump in the prison population of Northern Ireland from 500 to 4,000 within a new type of prisoner had emerged?

Maclean's: Let's talk about the hunger strike in the H Blocks that was begun in October, 1980.

Coogan: Seven men began a hunger strike to get this special category status taken away from them. They were in the house of drugs when they called off the strike because a representative of the British government showed them a document that led them to believe the substance of their demands was being withdrawn.

Maclean's: The ending of the hunger



IRA supporters in Dublin: a Great Famine, no prison suits in the IRA

strike without the loss of life was treated as a triumph for the British government.

Coogan: Both sides claimed it was a triumph, but the British were right: it was a victory for them because the IRA did not get what they thought they were getting. They didn't get the spirit of the law—they got the letter of the law.

Maclean's: Is that what provoked the latest hunger strike, which began on March 1?

Coogan: Yes. Bobby Sands, an IRA officer in the H Blocks who has prisoned for an end to the hunger strike, felt betrayed about it. There was talk of going for full political status, and on March 1 it was confirmed that Sands had gone on a hunger strike. I understood that he has been joined by others.

Maclean's: Why would it be likely that British will allow the hunger strikers to

die rather than give in to their demands?

Coogan: The British are quite happy with the hunger strike. The IRA has virtually declared a ceasefire in draw attention to the strike, and that suits the British very well. They don't care if a few prisoners die because militarily they have the guerrilla out in the open where they can confront him.

Maclean's: What is the present state of the IRA? Is it still a force to be reckoned with?

Coogan: Very much so. Next year's terrorist is this year's school leaver. He or she may well be the brother or sister of an existing IRA person. They are spawned by the awful social conditions in the Catholic ghettos. There are no gun-striped suits in the IRA; they are the urban proletariats from the traditional IRA strongholds in Belfast, Derry and county areas like South Armagh.

Maclean's: How is it possible for the generations of the IRA, but not you

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condone the atrocities they perpetrated? Coogan: The nature of the IRA's deeds are so atrocious that they repel people. But then the nature of the society that produces them is atrocious. The society that produces them is atrocious. They're a symptom of the disease, not the cause of it.

Maclean's: Are you optimistic about the talks that have been held between Charles Haughey, the Irish Republic's prime minister, and Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher?

Coogan: I'm extremely optimistic. I know that the Dublin government believes that these are substantive talks, and people who have attended them tell me history is in the making.

Maclean's: Is there a genuine rapport between Charles Haughey and Margaret Thatcher?

Coogan: They're got each other's wavelength. He respects her toughness, the way he dealt with the IRA in the north, and she does believe he means to do something in the North. He respects her, but her economic policies are so staggeringly harsh, and she's created so much hardship and unemployment in the North that it's hard to imagine her being flexible on the issue like the II Rooks.

Maclean's: You have argued that British troops should be withdrawn from Northern Ireland. Would this not create a backlash?

Coogan: I don't think there'd be a backlash if the proper arrangements were made when the troops left. All parties would have to be brought into the dialogue, there could be a UN presence for a while, there would have to be a London-Dublin alliance.

Maclean's: In your opinion, how would the Protestants react to a withdrawal of the British presence?

Coogan: The Protestants at the moment are so disenchanted with Britain that they believe the British are going to go sometime. The only question is when. They hate the British as much as they hate the IRA.

Maclean's: And what if the withdrawal of British troops did lead to a backlash?

Coogan: Whatever happened in the past would at least be terminal violence. What's happening now is a slow but onerous away. The killing goes on, it doesn't make headlines over here, but there are killings all the time. Most of the leading campaigners in the II Rook Committee have been murdered. An attempt was made on Bernadette Devlin's life. That kind of sectarian assassination cannot be the ultimate political weapon in any sort of society that there's an implacability and inevitability about the whole situation in the North of Ireland that's like a Greek tragedy. It's appalling, utterly appalling.

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FOLLOW-UP

Paying a high price for a slow ride

Georges Forest, the Saint-Basile insurance agent whose fight over a \$5 English-only parking ticket led to the restoration of official bilingualism in the Manitoba courts and legislature in December, 1976, is thinking of entering a claim in the *Grieco* Book of World Records. The tag, issued in February, 1976, still hasn't been paid, and the court ruling it contained three years later may cost the Manitoba gov-

ernment a fortune, but many prominent Manitoban francophones, like M.A. Larvi Desjardins, admit there is a severe shortage of translators. When the government advertised for legal translators only one of 36 applicants passed the qualifying examination. Says Martin: "There are probably only 30 qualified legal translators across Canada and half of those work for Ottawa, Quebec City, Ontario and New Brunswick compete heavily for the others."

In the meantime, the enforceability of laws that have not yet been translated is open to question. Last August, Montreal law student Roger Blaisard argued in court that a speeding ticket he received in Saint-Basile had no validity until the laws on which it was based are written in French, but case is now being considered by the Manitoba Court of Appeal.

The slow pace of change is frustrating for Franco-Manitobans, but there are signs of progress on other fronts. Last month, Premier Sterling Lyon announced the formation of a two-man action to act as liaisons between government departments and Franco-Manitobans, requesting services and information in French. The real problem, however, according to Desjardins, is still the tough note of education. His appeal last year that French be a compulsory subject in all Manitoba schools was ignored, though the spread of French immersion courses for anglophone children continues unabated. Ironically, though Desjardins can now speak in the legislature in French as a matter of right rather than privilege, Hansard now publishes only the French version of his remarks. "I'd like the right to be understood as well as to speak," he says.

An Georges Forest has discovered, however, the fruits of linguistic progress are not always sweet. Two days after last year's Quebec referendum, Winnipeg city council ordered that in future all city parking tickets would be printed in both languages. By March of this year Forest still hadn't seen one and was ready to start begging the mayor's office. He didn't need to on Friday the 13th last month, his son was nailed for illegal parking—in both languages. "We have made progress," Forest smiles. His son's reaction, of course, was mixed.

—PETER CARLILE GORDON



Forest: most expensive ticket in history, began parking in French and English

ernment at least \$1 million in translation costs over the next six years. "It certainly must be the most expensive ticket in history," says Forest, who believes he was won a battle, but perhaps not the war for the five per cent of Manitoba's population that speaks French.

The 1979 Supreme Court of Canada ruling has plopped into the lap of the Manitoba government the nightmare prospect of translating into French every statute passed since 1960. Andre Martin, director of the province's translation services department, which this year will spend \$360,000, says that so far about 1,000 pages have been translated. That still leaves about 10,500 pages to do, and it will take five or six years to complete the job. Critics have accused the Conservative government

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John B. Anderson, the congressman who wanted to be president, is alive and well and thinking of launching a new political party from his home in Bowdoin, ME. Anderson is now mulling around the United States making a living from the lecture circuit and talking to almost anyone who will pay to listen.

For six months last year, at the height of the U.S. presidential election, he became a household name, as familiar a face on television as Jimmy Carter or Ronald Reagan. He was the third man, an independent who ran such a spirited campaign that he was compared to Theodore Roosevelt and had both the Democrats and the Republicans worried. On Nov. 4, however, as Reagan's landslide tumbled over the nation, Anderson was shut out of the po-



Anderson: the pangs of disappointment

litical arena. For although he picked up 6.7 per cent of the vote, about 5½ million ballots, he had no party or platform to support him in defeat. As Brian Edwards, one of his campaign workers, said later, "Poor John, after causing such a commotion he has dropped from the national political scene like a star from the night sky."

If Anderson has his way, however, he will not be long in exile. The lure of the presidency has been lodged too firmly in his imagination by the excitement of last year's campaign for him to accept defeat with ease. He told *Midweek's* "I spent 25 years in Congress at the vortex of events both national and international and you can't suddenly leave that to become a commentator without feeling some withdrawal pains. It's a bitter-sweet time I have suffered the pains of not reading at 3800 Pennsylvania Avenue. And also finding that daily I pick up the newspaper to see new things that concern me about the philosophy of the new administration."

Disheartened by his rejection at the polls, Anderson seems scarcely shaken in his faith that he is the man to lead the country out of the wilderness. At home in neither Republican or Democratic parties, he is pondering a resurrection of one of the constantly doomed visions of U.S. political history—a third party. In the past, the U.S. republican system has proven strong ground for third parties and independents. Third parties thrive in parliamentary systems where they can submit to as little as one or two seats. By contrast, the U.S. system of electoral colleges creates a winner-take-all situation in which there is no political role for a leader who does not become presi-

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dent. No third party or independent (the most notable in this century have been Theodore Roosevelt's Bull Moose party in 1912 and George Wallace's bid for the presidency in 1968) has ever come close to gaining power.

Thus, Anderson's refusal to commit himself publicly to the third party venture would seem amply justified. He has granted a formal announcement by September. "By that time I should be in a position to assess what the realistic possibilities are of returning governance in America to a more moderate and progressive path. It certainly isn't going into the business of organizing an independent or third party and searching another bid for the presidency without a lot of consultation, and discussion with many friends and advisers." The same issue circle, however, says that Anderson's reference is purely tactical and that he is privately determined to go ahead.

Tom Mathews, Anderson's former press secretary, is urging him to set up a permanent organization now. Anderson raised \$18.1 million last year and accumulated a list of 225,000 contributors. Mathews, a partner in a director of fund raising firm, estimates that from \$2 million to \$3 million can now be raised annually to support an Anderson-led third party. These supporters were identified last year in both The New York Times and News Poll and Gallup survey as being drawn about equally from the Democratic and Republican parties. Like the European centrist third parties, such as the Liberals in Britain, Anderson's constituency has its primary base in the educated middle and upper-middle classes. It is more liberal than the rest of the country and slightly more dovish in its views on foreign policy.

Whether or not that constituency will remain loyal to Anderson or was merely a temporary result of widespread dissatisfaction with Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter remains to be seen. As a Republican who became too liberal for his party, Anderson has yet to define a third party philosophy which could be sharply distinguished from that of the Democratic party. As political commentator William F. Buckley Jr. wrote in the New York Times last year: "It is too bad that, like Nelson Rockefeller with all of his famed campaigns, Mr. Anderson is simply in the wrong party." With no political base or philosophical faith to draw on, Anderson is relying ultimately on a sense of his superior fitness for leadership. Of this, he appears reasonably convinced: "I can't walk down any city block without being stopped by someone who says, 'Butler Jack next time.' The support is there. The time might vary but it's right in 1994."

—WILLIAM LOWMYER

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By Michael Posner

Like a great white temple perched at the heavens, the spaceship Columbia finally soared from its launchpad last week, carrying with it two astronauts, five computers and a payload of inestimable value—America's future in space. Thirty months behind schedule and billions of dollars over budget, the snc-1 (as it is officially known) roared into orbit from Cape Canaveral, programmed for a 34½-hour test flight that will measure the vehicle's space worthiness. If the goshawk-shaped shuttle proves its mettle, "The future is square," says Chris Kraft, director of Johnson Space Center in Houston, "has no horizons."

As astronauts John Young and Navy Capt. Robert Crippen completed a non-dramatic third of 80 projected orbits, National Aeronautics and Space Administration's (NASA) army of scientists and engineers were cautiously advancing the notion that perhaps "the herd's" troubles were behind it.

The caution is not difficult to understand: Columbia's mission has been quelled before, so frequently, in fact, that it has earned an unfortunate sobriquet: "America's space lemon." Last week, there were fresh fears that the label was cruelly appropriate. Friday's launch was delayed another 48 hours when—only nine minutes before ignition—the backup computer failed to synchronize with the system's four principal computers.

Not a little chastened, NASA data processing specialists worked late into the night, at last isolating a "timing anomaly" that caused the backup com-



Young (right) and Crippen return from the Columbia after Friday's delay.



The soaring shuttle: thirty months behind schedule, billions over budget.

Up and away

Columbia finally sets out to prove its mettle

puter to "hang up the phone." In effect, flight engineers explained to a puzzled press corps, the primary computers were spewing data 40 milliseconds before they should have been. At Cape Canaveral and at mission control in Houston, the red lights on the console lit up like Christmas trees. Confident this "glitch" could be corrected, flight directors gave the go-ahead for a 7 a.m. EST Sunday launch. Conceded deputy data system director Dick Parfen: "We were fortunate to nail the

problem as quickly as we did."

In fact, Columbia could have probably flown with just one computer. But this is a maiden voyage, the first time American astronauts have been strapped into a craft without prior unmanned test flights. NASA has therefore purchased as many insurance policies as its pared-down budget will allow. For the shuttle is a precious investment by any measure—a kind of orbiting bank in which thousands of individual reputations and the nation's technological prestige have been deposited. Also money—an estimated \$9.9 billion has

Maclean's
MAY 1982 31

[illegible]

Nowhere was the weekend's feverish activity at Cape Canaveral manifested with greater impact (than in Moscow, where Soviet space chiefs' comments last week were both defensive and a touch piqued having called a press conference to dispute the fruits of the latest *Buoy* space mission, they ended up fielding questions on the shuttle Vladimir Shatalov, the lieutenant-general who has overseen cosmonaut training for several years, was absent on one point: the Columbia venture was "a great tragedy" that would prompt a new spiral in the arms race.

The inference to the economics of the Soviet space program touched one of the more hidden aspects of Moscow's space strategy: how many rubles does it cost? Western experts have found no accurate method of assessment, but suspect that the cost factor is weighing heavily on the Soviet government's decision to make unnecessary announcements that the space program is reaching full economic rewards. And there has been speculation

born point of its development, weapons—personnel—from a reluctant Congress, often at the expense of other projects. Failure now would devastate the U.S. space program.

But NASA remains sanguine. The shuttle system is based on the obvious but long-proven principle of reusability. If man is committed to exploring (and ultimately inhabiting) the universe, the single-use rockets that carried him to the moon must be replaced by components that can blast men and materials into space repeatedly, drastically reducing the cost per launch. Columbia and these sister ships now in production are each designed for 100 trips or more.

Constrained by inadequate funding, the STS-5 is actually a compromise solution. Columbia's massive external tank, which provides much of its initial thrust, was jetted out two minutes into flight, disintegrating into the Indian Ocean. However, two booster rockets



Soyuz-37 breaks last July near space

that the Soviets might be trying to develop a small shuttle of their own.

This is not to underestimate the immense state of expertise the Soviets have built up about the effect of space on the human system. But the Soviets' long-term space aims remain shrouded in mystery.

Lacking the inspiration of a published goal, Soviet citizens inevitably have become bored by the relentless procession of announcements related to the Soyuz, to perform a succession of apparently unfaithful experiments. Gone are those heady days of 1962, when a striding village boy caught

were recovered in the Atlantic Ocean, bearing an accident during re-entry, when the craft's outer skin must withstand temperatures of 1300°C. The arduous (but should it again this time) operations of flying cars before the year 1980 by 1990, NASA officials say, transports may be sent aloft two or three times a month.

What will the shuttle do? In theory, almost anything. From putting satellites in orbit to manufacturing dragels in the space environment of space. It will also perform cargo runs before being equipped with an 18-tonne loading bay, designed to ferry 30,000-Kilogram payloads, including a sophisticated space laboratory being built by the European Space Agency. By 1986, NASA hopes to put in place the most powerful space telescope ever constructed able to scan the entire visible light spectrum, detecting effects of the earth's atmosphere.

Of 70 shuttle flights now planned, almost one-third have been booked by the Pentagon for the ease and feeding of spy satellites. But for US military needs, cynics of the program believe, Columbia will be the first shuttle to be drawing funds from the military budget as no overwhelming demand from industry for re-entry, and satellites of other kinds—weather monitoring and communication devices—will occupy most of the shuttle's early flights.

But the focus last week was on ranking the troubled third fly. A solid performance, NASA insists, will silence critics and bring passengers to the terminal soon enough. Launched 20 years to the day (see box) after man's first flight into space, Columbia whirled through its orbit, more than 100 miles above the earth, but there, a new space era, it was at last possible to believe, had begun. □

Yuri Gagarin, the first cramped Vostok-1 capsule, became the man man in space. When Gagarin landed, the Soviet Union's affable Mongolian, was blown away three weeks ago to become the latest of eight Soviet aloft participants in the Interconquest program, Moscow television interrupted a huge soccer program with the news. Its switchboard promptly bombarded with angry protests.

The 20th anniversary of Gagarin's flight fell by coincidence on Sunday, when US technicians were still struggling to launch the shuttle. It was the occasion for much pomp and ceremony—and some new graces as Soviet officials, who have been in the last year domination of space was to be broken. Not that they ever acknowledge the military aspects of their space program, nor are they ever likely to do so.

—KEITH CHAMBERLAIN

Lean and lively in his new job, the poised, smart, fiery Cuernavaca resident is celebrating with a glass of champagne and a taco. A marachi band is playing in the background but, as he shuffled through a few steps of the cacha, he looked more like a Bay Street broker than a political rumbler—the bell ringer who will awaken the United States' sleeping giant, its massive Hispanic population. That, however, is exactly the role in which he is being cast, following his sweeping victory—with 68 per cent of the vote—to become Mexico's first Mexican-American mayor of San Antonio since 1942, when Texas was still an independent republic.

As the outgoing Cuernavaca's victory pervaded through the country, there was, observed Latin leaders in Washington, New York and Los An-



Chavrus at campaign headquarters (top), and anti-Roque demonstrations: a new era of hope and determination

you include the illegal, or "undocumented," as Chinese claim they called, there are probably about 32 million. The U.S. government predicts they will become the country's largest minority, overtaking the blacks, who now number 26.5 million, by the end of the 1990s. Until last week, they had practi-

usually be a form of a multiparty system, Health Minister Herbert Mphahlele announced before a Westminster-style parliamentary session in Salisbury last week. A single party could represent the general will. Magabe himself maintained that the politics of negativity, an encouragement in a multiparty democracy, "has to place in a young country such as ours."

Were they preparing the nation for an announcement? They wouldn't say, but while insisting that his government was committed to upholding the constitution, Magabe also observed that its imperfections would be dealt with in

avenues created under white rule and across the time trading then developed with South Africa during the 1970s. After a relatively good economic year, Zimbabwe has just recorded a remarkable eight-per-cent overall growth rate in the face of global inflation, produced its best ever crop of its staple corn, and made an encouraging start at redeveloping its vast tobacco industry.

With hundreds of thousands of people displaced during the war and half the arable land still in the hands of 5,200 white farmers (out of a population of 7.5 million), the country faces an overwhelming task in rehousing and land



Government helicopter descends mortar fire at guerrilla march to celebrate

freedom. The Salisbury Herald—the nation's largest daily, which was taken over by the government earlier this year—joined the chorus, warning editorially about the ability of a one-party system to get things done. No longer would it stand up on the house to cover debating points, offering Shakespeare or Marx, it enthused.

Whatever Magabe's intent, the past month has seen a remarkable rise in the fortunes of his ZANU party. First his sometime political opponent, the former rival guerrilla leader Joshua Nkomo, gave an interview in which he favored a possible merger between his Patriotic Front and Magabe's. Then a setback from pre-independence days joined 20,000-40,000. After 30 years in opposition, declared Dr. Mphahlele Sibhwe as he abandoned the party led by his brother Rev. Nkomo Sibhwe, he could not spend the rest of his political life "opposing what I see as a" Magabe's determination to heal the wounds of war, keep the non-voting economy growing, reform the in-

redistribution. Nevertheless, the government is optimistic that Zimbabwe's excellent agricultural potential will soon make it the leader of Central Africa. Hopes are high, too, for the return of the tourists scared away by the years of war. SHIMANDE WAITING TO BE RE-CONFERRED, say the new ads in periodicals across Europe and North America, and hotel operators wish the government continued success in disarming the last of the 30,000 former guerrillas whose rusty trigger fingers have frequently disrupted the peace.

If it's Salisbury the tourists want to discover, however, they had better come fast. At his inauguration as the city's first black mayor last week, Dr. Thomas Gweta revealed that it had been named for the British prime minister in office in the 1890s, Lord Salisbury, when the first settlers reached the site. Instead, he proposed, it should be renamed after the chief who ruled the area at the time if the council approves, later this month. Therefore, Gweta will be mayor not of Salisbury but of Harare, Zimbabwe.

"The Patriotic Front views of the Zimbabwe African National Union."



Britain Brixton's bloody Saturday

To the British, the north London suburb of Brixton has long been the epitome of a black ghetto. Its long crumbling terraces house one of the largest concentrations of blacks in the country, making it a byword, like the Notting Hill area, for racial tension. On Saturday, towards the end of a hazy spring afternoon, what people had been dreading happened: In a sudden explosion of violence, hundreds of black youths joined by some whites went on the rampage, looting, burning and setting fire to buildings.

Police reinforcements were bound to the scene, but only after eight hours of pitched battles were they able to reassert control. At the height of the rioting, bricks, iron bars and bottles rained down on police from buildings, cars and a school were ablaze, and the backlot of red flames made the suburb resemble Belfast or London at the height of the blitz. While police with riot shields fought desperately to contain a 5 sq km area from which they had been driven, gangs of youths reaved the streets looting liquor stores, jewellers and TV and stereo shops. More than 300 were stripped of their contents. By midnight, when things began to calm down, 145 police had been injured and 95 people arrested. It was the worst night of racial violence since blacks went on a similar rampage in Bristol in April last year.

Why did it happen? Tensions had bo-

Black skinheads: "There was pushing and arguing, suddenly it was all bricks"

gun to rise after local disturbances Friday, when police picked up a black youth who had been stabbed. The following day extra men were on patrol, walking the streets in pairs beneath the hostile gaze of young blacks standing in the yards outside on overcast streets. To many local residents it was clear then that only the smallest spark was needed for violence to erupt. It came at around 4:30 p.m. Two plainclothes police stopped a driver outside a West Indian owned car shop. Apparently the police wanted to search his vehicle. A group of teenagers nearby began jeering. "There was pushing and shoving and arguing, and then suddenly it was bricks," said an eyewitness.

On Sunday, British unable to banter headlines and pictures of bloodied looters in their breakfast newspapers. With the centre of Brixton quiet, though still barred to traffic, Home Secretary William Whitelaw returned to London from a weekend in the country to begin an investigation. The circumstances had already begun. Sir Edmund McNee, Chief Metropolitan Commissioner of Police, said there was evidence of "abuse" by people from outside the area. Police had seen people drilling the waters, he added. Many of the rioters had been sophisticated personal beings which appeared to have been made and stored in advance. Local community leaders, however, blamed the heavy police presence in the area throughout Saturday, claiming it as "provocative." They also claimed that the use in Brixton in recent months of Scotland Yard's Special Patrol Group, a controversial police unit which is de-

veloped to potential trouble in yards, and which has been accused of extreme roughness, had further inflamed feelings.

Because of its high concentration of blacks and its housing, Brixton has benefited in recent years from such special government measures to take the pulse of the streets as youth clubs and community centres. But the economic recession, which has particularly hit young blacks, has undermined such initiatives. More than half the unemployed lived on the score of 16 and 19 in Brixton are black. Many young blacks have never had work. Last year, bad weather in Britain helped to prevent predicted outbreaks of racial violence in South London. But the British's St. Paul's and Brixton, Britain now fear that their summer of racial discontent may only have been postponed.

—IAN MATTHEW

Africa 'You will not be abandoned'

If External Affairs Minister Mark MacDonagh was entitled, he didn't show it in public. Privately, however, he was complaining last week about being upstaged by the Americans at a two-day conference held in Geneva to gather pledges of aid for African refugees. The US ambassador to the United Nations, Jeane Kirkpatrick, had stepped up to the microphone, conveyed greetings from her convales-



ing president to the representatives from 12 nations in attendance and announced a whopping pledge of \$385 million. And while that may have helped placate African leaders worried about US policy toward their continent, it also stole the show from other pledges, including Canada's \$25.4 million.

In dollar terms the conference, sponsored by the Organization of African Unity (OAU) and the United Nations High Commission for Refugees (UNHCR), was a success. A total of \$260 million was pledged, about half the target of \$1.25 billion. As UN Secretary-General Kofi Annan, who chaired the proceedings, put it: "To the refugees,

Refugees from the Ogaden in Somalia



we can now say, 'You will not be abandoned.' But the mood at Geneva's Palestinian refugees had been soured by political wrangling right from the opening ceremonies, which several Arab states boycotted to protest against the presence of an Israeli delegate. In the end, many Arab delegations truckled to for the second day, and the Saudis started enroute by immediately pleading \$30 million. The Israeli beneficiary was thought to be Somalia, a Somali state where 1.5 million refugees, strung out in camps along the Ogaden Desert, constitute the country's worst refugee crisis. Three remained, however, a notable gap in the distribution process: the Soviet bloc nations boycotted the conference, blaming the refugee crisis on "colonialism."

There was also a bitter dispute over how the money should be spent. African spokesmen demanded a pay African people wanted that Western donors who pledged 90 per cent of the total, would freeze out states like Angola, Mozambique and Ethiopia with ties to the Soviet Union and Cuba. But the donors insisted, emphatically, on maintaining "flexibility," and after a delay of three hours was the day.

To be sure, the conference achieved

politics toward its black population and Muthika have created 70,000 refugees. At least one of those problems could have been dealt with last week. Ethiopia came up in hand but was turned away by Western states. Many observers argued that that move would simply consolidate the Soviet and Cuban presence in the country but Mugabe remained unimpressed. As he bluntly put it, "Ethiopia is not in our sphere of interest." —JAN GUEST

El Salvador

Carnage in the Morazan caves

The victims are as frequently the case, were peasants about 150 children, 700 young women and 680 elderly people during the fighting between guerrillas and army troops in El Salvador's northeastern Morazan province. Under fire from two helicopters and Salvadoran ground troops, they were chased into a series of hillside caves. Then, according to eyewitness reports, the soldiers threw in canisters of tear gas to force their victims, cutting them down with machine-gun fire as they staggered into the daylight. Those who remained in the caves died of asphyxiation.

Word of the massacre, one of the worst in a growing catalogue of atrocities committed by army troops in El Salvador's 16-month-old civil war, reached the outside world Friday as refugees streamed across the border into Honduras. In San Salvador, Defense Minister José Guillermo García quickly denounced their deaths as "a monstrous

lie" propagated by international communists. But as international human rights organizations pointed out, García had also denied army complicity in the well-documented slaying of 680 peasants at the Rio Sipacal river last May 16, as well as in the deaths of more than 13,000 peasants slain by soldiers and security police in the past year.

The massacre was the second successive blow to President José Napoleón Duarte's attempts to purify his regime as moderate and reform-minded. Just two days before, it was learned that security forces had slain 30 civilians in a midnight raid on the San Salvador suburb of Monte Carmelo. The next day a government spokesman claimed the deaths had occurred in an exchange of fire with guerrillas. But relatives of the victims said the security police entered the area, dragged the men from their beds and, after torturing several of them, executed them in the street. Those who resisted the intruders were shot in their homes. In the morning the same confirmed that version of events. The bodies lay strewn in the streets, all shot at close range and many with their hands tied behind their backs.

The U.S., which supports Duarte with economic and military aid, was washing its hands of both incidents last week. The massacre in the Morazan hills, a senior state department official said, had not been confirmed by the Duarte government. (It never does confirm such atrocities.) As for the massacre in Monte Carmelo, the U.S. was seeking information, again from official circles in San Salvador. The U.S., the spokesman said, supplied military aid to the armed forces, not in the civilian security police. —JAMES FUKUNAGA

With correspondents Jim

Witnesses of the Monte Carmelo massacre: a growing catalogue of atrocities



CANADA

'Will you, won't you, will you, won't you?'

A parliamentary quadrille and history in the making

By John Hay

The pages of the parliamentary truce were still very fresh; the Xmas when government House Leader Yvon Fauriol harnessed the few strokes from his office to tell the Commons of the deal he had finally struck with the opposition. The filibuster-enduring settlement had passed through four drafts that morning alone, it was still being typed when Fauriol and his two opposition counterparts met one last time to approve it. Said New Democrat Stanley Knowles in the House moments later: "We have achieved an agreement which I believe will prove to be historic." Indeed, the bargain Fauriol had to swallow was not only lifted the Tories' roadblock in the Commons, it cleared the way for the first time toward a final vote on the second bill.

Pierre Trudeau had the early looking down a week before, he had agreed to await a Supreme Court judgment on his plan before sending it to Britain. Providing the advantage, Conservative leader Joe Clark returned to another demand: the premiers before moving the resolution any further through Parliament. On Monday, Trudeau said no, Tuesday he relented: "If they are not seeking delay, I will meet with them." If the Commons promised to vote on the whole package one or two days afterward, that concession appeared to lead to the long-sought compromise with the Tories. With the House quickly renewed for the private bargaining that ensued, Clark decided on a concession of his own: he would permit a vote on amendments to the Trudeau resolution before the Supreme Court ruled on its legality—something he had rejected for more than a week. In a meeting of Clark's closest strategists, front-bencher Harvie Andre advised the scheme that would ultimately be accepted by Fauriol: a three-day debate and votes on opposition amendments would not be held for a fortnight—after the premiers' meeting this week. The delay, reasoned Andre, would make it difficult for the premiers not to invite Trudeau to a meeting, and almost impossible for Trudeau to refuse an invitation. As finally agreed with Fauriol, Knowles and Yvon House Leader Wayne Baker, a last two-day debate on the



Fauriol, (above), Lyons (below) and Andre: an exercise of gymnastics that Trudeau Speaker refused to undertake



whole resolution will be held right after the Supreme Court ruling, perhaps by early June. All this took hours of negotiation among House leaders and still more talk between them and their respective principals. Fauriol had to clear the plan through a group including Trudeau, Justice Minister Jean Chrétien, Finance Minister Allan Rock and the chief constitutional advisors, Michael Kirby.

Strangely, after all the fuss over getting Trudeau to meet the premiers, it was far from certain that they wanted to meet him. Manitoba's Sterling Lyon, chairman of the right premiers' opposi-

ing the Trudeau resolution, had merely written Trudeau that they would meet in Ottawa Thursday and hoped to see the pm "subsequently." With Trudeau suddenly available, the premiers were forced to decide whether to face him and his constitutional allies, New Brunswick's Richard Blais and Ontario's William Davis. In any event, there was little for the two sides to talk about. Lyon's group has only been working on a new amending formula—the arithmetic of provincial law and popular concern to future changes—not the charter of rights or other parts of Trudeau's package. If Trudeau hedges to prefer the Lyon formula to his own, he could put it to the Commons, otherwise, he can ignore it.

For all the self-congratulation heaped on the House leaders, the conduct of the long debate and the filibuster has left some sullen memories among the Tories. Envisioning the power to obstruct was a tonic to a Tory party demoralized by an election loss last



year and its unsatisfying convention in February. But in the Commons, especially their managers on the front benches, something surlier had happened: the balance of power in the Commons. Asked about that, Trudeau told reporters the balance had indeed shifted—but in the Speaker's favor. In fact, Liberal cabinet members were angry with Speaker Justice Savard's all-Blairtonian answer her authority and use the right to cut off the filibuster. When Fauriol argued this on her in the Commons, Savard admonished: "I would have to do an exercise of gymnastics that I refuse to do." Even after reaching the compromise, Trudeau was in no mood to sit down with him. In his weekly news conference, he accused the Tories of committing "a violation of Parliament." Said Trudeau: "There is an element, I would say, of fascism in this." While the Tories voted to cool off with a four-day Easter break followed by a 29-day spring holiday.



its primary objective, halting the plight of African refugees into world flows. And to that extent, it recalled the July, 1979, ad conference for the Indochinese boat people. But while the 1979 meeting addressed the root of the problem—it obtained a Vietnamese promise to stem the tide of refugees—last week's proceedings sidestepped political solutions. Without them, the refugees will continue to flow. Three areas of conflict stand out: Ethiopia, the source of two million refugees in neighboring Somalia, Sudan and Djibouti; Chad, where a civil war has left 1.6 million homeless; and southern Africa, where Pretoria's

Up from The Cow Café

As if the constitutional dance on Parliament Hill wasn't exciting enough, Pierre Trudeau's social calendar has been absolutely hectic. First he waited into a black-tie ball in New York City—the Metropolitan Opera's salute-to-Canada night—on the arm of 33-year-old Texas model and socialite Lacey Newman. Then three nights later he jumped into his taxicab again for the splashy premiere of the film *Les Plouffe* in Québec City and a date with French-Canadian actress Denise Filiatrault, one of its stars. It was a triumph for a prime minister who is



Pieterbault with Trudeau, Cloutier (left) and Filiatrault lead granddaughters' fight to fight the same fight again



New Democrats to add a line to the charter, a so-called "purpose clause," saying that "without violating anything in the charter, the rights and freedoms referred to in it are guaranteed equally to male and female persons." It may not sound revolutionary, but that line is missing in nature women's rights take precedence over other sections of the

charter dealing with individual rights and multicultural rights. It should mean, for instance, that while minorities have societies that do not treat men and women equally will have a constitutional right to maintain their own customs—those customs should not deny women fundamental rights.

Not surprisingly, all three political parties as the 1981—and the prime minister—are trying to take credit for negotiating the rights charter for women. But, in truth, any improvements that have been made are probably largely the result of a series of external events: a particularly heated political squabble, a renascence of "style" feminist awareness, and a well-organized lobby effort. The squabble, of course, happened in February when Denise Anderson, head of the Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women, complained that Lloyd Axworthy, minister responsible for the status of women, was pressuring the council to cancel a women's conference on the constitution to spare the government embarrassing criticism. When Anderson responded, feminists across the country rallied, determined, in the words of McPhedran, "not to sink back into helplessness—to organize a conference ourselves." Within days, 11 women met at The Cow Café in downtown Toronto while a smaller group met in an old office on Melrose Street in downtown Ottawa. A few weeks later that ad hoc committee—many members are lawyers—had staged its own constitutional conference in Ottawa, attracted

1,000 delegates and press, called for Axworthy's resignation and readily convinced most of the government's women's rights proposals. Organizer Linda Ryan-Nye of Toronto says the conference politicized a lot of women. "I think it took us a while to realize we had the right to make demands, and, second, that we had the right to shout loudly."

It is in this spirit that many feminists are continuing to criticize the wording of the rights charter. As now written, it uses various words like "everyone," "individuals," "people"—a grab bag that women's groups would like to see replaced throughout by the simple word "person." However, there is, in fact, nothing simple about the word. First, it has historic significance—it was only in 1959 that the Privy Council ruled women were "persons" under law. Second, it is a red flag word in the current revival of the abortion debate. Recently, a lower court has used the word "person" does not mean a fetus—a ruling that worries anti-abortion forces who have been trying to have the rights of the unborn included in the charter, at least by inference. The anti-abortionists—also a well-organized lobby, one with a pipeline into the Tory caucus and the Liberal cabinet—say the fewer times the word "person" appears in the charter, the happier they will be. People on the other side of the argument say unless "person" is used throughout the charter, courts may rule that other words—such as "everyone," "for citizens"—do include fetuses, giving the unborn equal rights with a pregnant woman. "It could amount to subordination of the word," says Yvonne Thorsness, a law student studying in Ottawa.

But the charter's ambiguity to women wasn't known until it is tested before the Supreme Court—an all-male body that tends to be socially conservative and legally cautious—and this prospect drew more feminist lawyers and lobbyists. Beverly Raine, assistant law professor at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., admits to being "penned in." Unless the language is changed up and there is a stronger anti-discrimination clause to ensure that sex can never be used to justify any disparities in law—women may not be much better off. "And," she adds, "all this charter does is talk about laws. Women still get underpaid, will still lose their jobs unfairly, will still suffer discrimination." In fact, last week, while Parliament completed the constitutional quadrate and Trudeau dashed the evening away, the Federal Public Service Commission released its 1980 report on staffing. Of 1,300 senior executives in the federal civil service (the \$36,800 to \$78,700 salary range), 32 were women—a whopping increase of two over 1979.

ONTARIO

Blood, toil, tears and death

But that we were told them, that they should... from blood. —Act 1, 1580

For their rock-solid adherence to the letter of that law, the Jehovah's Witnesses have become almost as famous as their publications *The Watchtower* and *Consoling the Bereaved*. The church's teachings have been widely pressed upon households by proponents of the religion that holds all government as the work of Satan. Witnesses' absolute rejection of blood transfusion has landed them in the public prints more than once, and usually a court order must come down from on



Sara Cyrenne, parents Brad and Julie, and daughter with organ juice



high to save a life by traditional medical means. The transfusion question, however, is more lurid than in the case of a Witness couple who went on trial in Thunder Bay, Ont., last week charged with criminal negligence in the death of their 10-year-old daughter, Sara, as her parents, Dennis and Bradette Cyrenne, Co-Defendant was a family friend, Peter Oswald.

An attorney for district court Judge Patrick Fitzgerald, the saga began March 29, 1980, when Dr. Peter Nielsen of the McKillop General Hospital confirmed Sara had acute mitral regurgitation, a disease characterized by the destruction of a screen-bearing red blood cells by white blood cells. When Dr. Nielsen recommended the transfusion, he testified, the parents objected, left the hospital and then returned in the evening of March 29 with Oswald, who carried the child out of the hospital, past protesting staff members, and sped off to the home of another Witness in Thunder Bay where Sara, breathing with difficulty, was dealt with freshly squeezed orange juice. At 7:30 the next morning, Sara died. Ironically, Bradette Cyrenne is a former registered nurse.

The Cyrenne's lawyer, S. Glen How, a Jehovah's Witness from Toronto who has understandably made something of a specialty of defending Witnesses against what they regard as the outrageous strictures of the laws of the land. How argued that it was not only religious conviction that prompted the Cyrenne's decision to take Sara from the hospital—but that they had exhibited genuine doubts about the medical opinion of the Thunder Bay doctors. They had, he said, been told by their doctor that he would administer a chemical blood substitute called fuflex, widely used in California. The Crown's star witness, Dr. Morris Hachman of Hamilton, an expert on blood disorders, contended that fuflex could not have been used in Sara's case because the Japanese firm that manufactures it will not allow it to be used on children. The defence then turned for help to Dr. Ron Laidlaw of Los Angeles, nicknamed "the bloodless surgeon" because of his work with blood, who deals almost exclusively with Witness patients. He testified that Sara's condition had deteriorated to such an extent that a transfusion of any sort could not have saved her life. He said that the doctors' actions should have acted more quickly in administering stored drugs and getting Sara into a pressure chamber to help her breathe.

It is Judge Fitzgerald's unhappy task, at the trial continues this week, to decide to what degree may want to be put in such matters—for better or for worse. —RODOLFO WOLOSKI

A shock on top of the bruises



Holmes calling Beribek with one of a series of crushing rights. "I tried to take him out but he just wouldn't go"

By Ed Quinn

He taunted, feigned terror, dropped his hands to his waist and bobbed his head, wavered and smiled to the fans from News Scotia, but more than anything else Saturday night, Canadian heavyweight boxer Trevor Berbick shocked the boxing world. From World Boxing Council champion Larry Holmes he absorbed, "everything I could throw at him and more. I tried to take him out, but he just wouldn't go," and like no Holmes-challenger before him, lasted 15 rounds. "He is the strongest man I've ever faced," said Holmes after retaining his title. "Nobody else could have stood up to those shots." They came from Holmes' left, repeatedly, and from his right, crushingly. But Berbick never showed. He charged and attempted to brawl, landed enough looping lefts and right hooks to hollow Holmes' body to keep Holmes' unanimous decision victory interesting.

Earlier in the week, at one of his Don King-orchestrated seminars, Holmes had allowed that "the biggest problem with Berbick is that he can't fight. Against a boxer or a fighter you know what the guy might do. But Berbick can't fight, so you don't know what to expect." It was, perhaps, that Holmes' assessment was so obviously absurd that no reasonable betting line could be



found. The local papers rated Berbick a 20-1 shot, but no books would handle that, and but one sport book emporium listed him to make \$10 only if both fighters answered the bell for the eighth round. Such a confrontation, at such cosmic proportions, was the great of the sweet science last week.

But even the most casual observer should not be surprised. Long before Regie Mackinok in *The Morning Glory*, beyond the dissolving of the match-controlled "scapes of boxing" (the International Boxing Club) in the 1950s, the emergence of the World Boxing Association (WBA) and the World Boxing Council (WBC) to the recent collapse of Muhammad Ali Professional Sports, Inc. (WAPSI) in the current film investigation of boxing, the sport has always

Armed (Jeff King, financial gymnastics)

created suspicion about match-ups, corruption (largely purified) and criminality. But it may take the combined talents for an sport political maneuvering and financial gymnastics of promoters Don King and his arch rival, Bob Arum, (or their successors) to reclaim the sport from the bruises of the past seven months.

First there was *The Last Harrah*, Muhammad Ali's ignominious departure from the sport he had ruled. The King-promoted boxer last October at the same Caesars Palace site of Saturday night's fight pitted the aging Ali against Holmes. It was an elaborate and financial disaster. Holmes, of course, fought for no one but King, as did Ali.

1982 MERCEDES-AMG SPORT



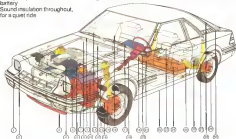
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Strikes and unruly pouts abound in the campy new horror film *The Howling*, but the lady who makes waves while in it hasky-voiced star, **Elizabeth Berkley**. As Marsha, a nymphomaniac who gives animal passion a feral translation, Berkley reluctantly agreed to do the first nude scene of her career. "It's very hard for an actress with any values to work in Hollywood now," says the Toronto-born beauty, who didn't work for a year before *Howling* director Joe Dante found her picture in a casting office. Now that the film is a box-office smash she's turning down offers from "top magazines" to pose in the buff, and says, "I am as serious as a general in the army—I am not a symbol who seduces acts."

He made a name for himself by exonerating the U.S. establishment, but now that establishment has adapted former fugitive **Abbie Hoffman** as one of its stars. More than 400 glitzy films from *Norman Macdonald* to *Barbet Schroeder* in television's conservative visual vernacular, with *F. Lee* Mackay and the *It* Zoo *Paul Moore*, Episcopal bishop of New York, urged that Hoffman not be sentenced to jail—despite the fact he was jailed seven years ago after being convicted of selling \$36,000 worth of cocaine. Sadly for Hoffman, none of the appeals convinced Acting Justice **Brenda Spots**, who sentenced the former Yippie leader to a three-year jail term. Explained the annoyed judge: "There is not an appropriate sentencing factor." Still, there certainly seems to have turned the head of another Mar-

shallan magistrate, who last week powdered-puffed former rock star **John Phillips** with a 30-day sentence for distributing "bars of thousands of dollars worth" of cocaine, Desdemona and other drugs.

The new Tarzan on the set of *Bo Diddley's* next movie, *Tarzan*, the Age Man, proved indeed to be the king of the jungle. Coming onto the Sri Lanka set in the wake of a feud that led to producer **John Gurok** firing the original ape-man, **Lee Corbin**, and 15 other crew members, new star **Myles O'Keefe** went to work with a lion charmed nearby. "Bo and I began the scene when suddenly the lion broke loose and I myself screamed 'ah,'" said the previously unknown Tennessee actor. But he had already endured one lion-encountering scene so was quick to do an encore, pinning the beast to the ground. "He cut a scratch from the lion," he said. "But it wasn't too serious and we went right to continue filming"—with the lion presumably scratched from the script.

With the 100th anniversary of the hanging of **Louis Riel** coming up in 1985, new law has been added to the campaign to have the prairie rebel posthumously pardoned. "He was a father of Confederation, but Canada has never recognized his contribution," says **Harry Daniels**, president of the Native Council of Canada and one of the Metis who has spearheaded the campaign for 30 years. This month a new ally was found when the Canadian Council of Churches decided to throw its weight behind the

native council, sending off a recommendation for pardon to Gov.-Gen. **Edward Schreyer**. Claiming the pardon is a positive step in rectifying a racist past, Daniels maintains, "Riel championed multiculturalism before anyone, but he was called insane because he talked to God."

"The running time isn't hard to find," says *Tube* star **Woody Green**. "It's finding the time to recover from it." Still, Brown insists on running morning, noon and evening, even while filming most of his day in the spoiled young lion. **Skippy Wadden**, in the prime-time soap *Flamingo Road*. The 26-year-old will be running this month in the grueling 48 km Boston Marathon against some of the world's best runners. "I'm not going to be last—I'm going to run until I drop dead," says

Brooke (left) and Brown (right) head-bashed on "Flamingo Road"



Brown, who played defiance back in two *Zone* Revue and as Orange Blossom before deciding on a career in the limelight. "I will be a jack for the rest of my life," he says, quickly adding: "The definition of jack warts from person to person depending on how much they hate athletes."

Talk at the two-day Data Processing Management Association conference in Vancouver was not so much about the IBM 308 computer, RIF II, as it was about its off-like constructor, 18-year-old **Teddy Curlyo**. Having assembled the computer from a kit as a model for a larger version that will eventually run his family's 105-acre farm outside Chilwell, S.C., Teddy's



Whit kid Curlyo: off and off K and Brown on *Flamingo Road* (right): school head, school and a forgotten uncle

accomplishment so impressed conference organizers that they waived his \$55 registration fee and gave him a night on the house in the best hotel. The Grade 10 student forgives the same books flattered by his poem and is more likely to be found curled up under the covers with a flashlight reading *Kidnapped*, *Murdering*, a computer periodical. A straight-A student, Curlyo admits, "I could write a program to do my homework, but by the time I get the program written I'd be out of that section of school."

After years of being "just a good friend" to Princess Margaret, social gaily **Robby Brown** will soon again talk of British high society when best work he sponsored his engagement to attractive heiress **Tracy Souten**. As a 10-year-old daughter of late film producer **Paul Seelin** has hardly been in the spotlight as much as the Queen's younger sister. For years Margaret fulfilled gossip over her holidays with Llewellyn both before and after her official split with **Lord Snowdon**. "I will never betray the prince's confidence," Llewellyn recently told friends. Now making a living supplying plants for wealthy Londoners' gardens as well as for the seasonal nightclub opening, Llewellyn, 33, is said to be attracting offers of up to



Llewellyn with Souten: holiday over

\$200,000 for his moments. "I intend to put it all down one day and lock it away in a safe place where it will remain until I die."

"Not once ever says **Jimmy Garrison** in good for me's sake," says his time-term guest **John May**. "I always thought of myself as having good for me—just just women's talk." This summer's 1986/87 (U.S.) Canadian Open Women's Championships, in Toronto will use the 72-year-old King as far net game against *shrimps* wrote in *Martha Stewart Living*. Despite reversed knees and foot operations, King keeps coming back, taking her 30th Wimbledon win in 1958, losing former record holder **Elizabeth Ryan**, who died of a stroke the day before King's win. Said King: "She didn't want to see me win. That title was all she had left."

Heartthrob **Robby Brown** had a great uncle who was one of the first rubies in Texas—but he can't remember his name. The 20-year-old star neither had a bar mitzvah nor can he speak Yiddish, but he hasn't stopped him from being nice as *Danny Saunders*, an orthodox rabbi's son in The Chosen, a \$4.5-million film based on the *Chaim Potok* best seller. To mark the 33rd anniversary of the creation of the State of Israel, the film promises to approximately 1,000 theatres on May 13 at 11:00 a.m., with proceeds going to Israeli educational institutions. Brown, who shared his head, grew carlocks and spent several sabbaths with a Hasidic family in Brooklyn, N.Y., to prepare for the part, says, "I wanted to do this film because it's about my people and background." For himself, however, Brown maintains that religion is "just trying to distinguish between what is right and wrong."

The Kikongo tribe of Africa's west coast and plenty of pattering parents, the word "bogie" means devil dance—music that's just too delicious to be good. And, like many other African words, it has entered Canadian culture. According to Yale University African art historian **Robert Thompson**, who recently visited the Gleebe Museum's art exhibit *Treasures of Ancient Nigeria* in Calgary, "Congos and all-conquered is one of the major goals of the black world"—qualities reflected in its athletes and leaders as well as in its art. In North America, this discipline has moved into leisure-time activities. Says Thompson: "Show me the same of any dance since 1950 and I'll show you an African word: *swirls*, *large*, *members*, *boots* over."

EDITED BY TOM MACDONALD

The quest for a cure

By Val Ross

The grey bertha of Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital care like an elderly aunt's wings around a busy open-air driveway. Each day, by taxi, car or on foot, a few of the 300,000 Canadians suffering from cancer climb the drive to receive

the chemotherapy, radiation treatment or surgery they may keep their disease in check. Sometimes the Royal Vic's doctors succeed in halting the cancer. Almost as often, the old revolving door simply exchanges patients who come to die in hospital for those preferring to die at home.

The arrivals and departures of patients can be seen across the street from the windows of the McGill Cancer Centre, one of Canada's dozen research centres devoted to saving their lives. The college's army of doctors, graduate students and technicians work with an impressive arsenal of glass and metal, sturdy refrigerators marked "radioactive handling," computers chugging out graphs and periodic filtration machines (the whirr endlessly). The efforts at this haven of cancer research are headed by Dr. Phil Gold, a biochemist director with a dazzling research record. He has won two national and international awards for his efforts to fight cancer, but nonetheless, his words are almost as sobering as the view outside his windows: "You don't walk into a lab and say, 'Today I'm going to cure cancer,'" he says. "It's a constant can do as ask what differentiates the cancer cell from the healthy one. We do our work here in teaching as a lot. But we may not have the answers."

Designated "cancer month," April is the cruelest month. Each spring day, while Canadian Cancer Society fund-raising staffs shuffle on street corners, 190 more people die from the disease. Each day, public generosity is made bit-

terrest by medicine's confounding failure to decipher cancer and by the collective ignorance of treatment. All that is known about cancer is that for some reason normal cells cease to function according to their programmed specializations as controlled by their DNA. Genetic theory's Mosaicists, and embark instead on a monomaniacal strategy of

endless self-replication. All that is known in mainstream treatment of the disease is to use heat warfare techniques—the knife, poison chemotherapy and radiation bombing—to attack the rebel cells. Since between one-third and one-half of all cancer patients die within five years of diagnosis, the medical profession readily admits that conventional therapy is inadequate.

As old and naturally occurring as human life, cancer is at the centre of this century's apocalypticism, the perceived punishment for industrialization and pollution. Everything a person does, feeds or makes seems to be linked to cancer: stress, sexual promiscuity, obesity, chlorinated water, asbestos in the air, formaldehyde condensation in houses, electrical waste in the ground, artificial light filtering, noise, photo-copying machines flapping, smoked meats, barbecued meats or, according to a recent Japanese study, cooked foods perked



Dr. Samuel Roman, author of *The Politics of Cancer* (1974), has named the word "epidemic" to predict further increases in cancer, and figures seem to bear him out. Today so many as one Canadian in five can expect to suffer from cancer compared to one in six at the turn of the century. It's a little comfort to explain that more Canadians are dying of cancer because fewer are dying of polio and war, people are more consumed by their fear than ever.

The involvement of the Canadian public in helping Tarry Poo now \$38.5 million for the National Cancer Institute of Canada (NCIC) to distribute for research has focused almost public expectation on the country's medical community. Former U.S. president Richard Nixon's "war on cancer"—a half-billion-dollar annual gift to research from 1973 to 1975—was delivered a radical Vermont following reports of faded glory, favoritism in grant-giving, private industry influence and its ultimate

failure to find a cure for one single form of cancer. As a result, a credibility gap now exists between the public and the research community. Will Canadian doctors have anything more to show for their money than their American counterparts have? The unanswerable, but honest answer is that only a few more tiny pieces of this intricate biological puzzle will likely be assembled. Last week, the NCIC announced it was granting a total of \$287.5 million to Canadian cancer scientists for 286 research projects. As in the past, most projects focus on enhancing diagnosis, refining conventional treatments and reducing their side effects, and on studying why healthy cells become malignant. Once again, the choices will be bitterly criticised. Surveying the NCIC's choices of the past, Dr. David Horrobin, himself a member of an NCIC panel to

pick socially prominent scientists as Katherine Roberts, wife of John Roberts, the former premier of Ontario, and Shirley Black, wife of Gerald Black, the chairman of Angus Corp., whose \$200-a-plate dinner and film preview was one of the highlights of last winter's social season in Toronto, collecting \$100,000. What the NCIC scientists and the NCIC scientists have had in common in the past is a fervent commitment to conventional therapies, the prevailing directions of research and to the NCIC motto: "Cancer can be beaten."

Beating cancer is a hope as high as billions of dollars ride—the hope that a new group of cancer can be found, patented, mass-produced and marketed with the same "magic bullet" effect that antibiotics had on infectious diseases half a century ago. Already chemotherapy, which is not even a wholly



Robins (seated) with Cancerfund group (left) and Montreal's Royal Vic

1977, once commented: "We've all failed experts who've failed to find a cure—and so we're unable to evaluate the new. That's why you get the same old look-alike projects."

Inevitably, such harsh criticism of the NCIC's program falls back on the so-called "cancer establishment." The NCIC panel members—the doctors and academics who advise other approved doctors and academics to join the NCIC—are clearly part of the establishment, as are the recipients of the NCIC's sister organization, the Canadian Cancer Society (CCS). As the source of four-fifths of the NCIC's money, the CCS has considerable influence on research policies. It is also a powerful organization in its own right, raising \$20 million annually, twice as much money per capita from Canadians as does its American counterpart. A typical member of the 100,000-strong CCS volunteer network is Madeleine D'Amico of Goose Bay, Labrador. "We pitched in and cleaned house for a terminal lady patient who was feeling kinda usable!" But the CCS's image is more often personified by



Horrobin (left), Shargard (center), removing asbestos in Toronto school building and producing the 'magic bullet'

successful cancer treatment, is a \$200-million industry in the U.S. alone. Interferon—the naturally produced protein that may fight cancer—is becoming an even bigger business. In February, when an American company announced it could produce the substance commercially—thereby reducing the cost per gram from \$50 million to \$100,000—the share shot up from \$6.50 to \$43 in hours.

Even more money rides on the hope that finding a cure will overcome the necessity of a costly clean-up of known carcinogens. The promise of Ontario is still ringing from the news that the need of removing potential carcinogenic asbestos insulation from Metro Toronto public and secondary schools has topped \$79 million—seven times the original estimate. It would cost the enormous psychotropic drug industry even more to charge that its products may speed up tumor growth in humans prone to be true. Last January, Dr. David Horrobin made headlines when he claimed that Hoffmann-La Roche had successfully applied pressure to have him fired from the Montreal Clinical Research Institute, where he had been reporting accelerated tumor growth in rats given diisopropyl (Lafayette's trade name for diisopropyl in Valium). Undoubtedly, the most wrenching carcinogen is ban in smoking. Though cigarette packages clearly warn that smoking may be dangerous, it would be as easy to stop the St. Lawrence away as it would be to ban the products of an industry that contributes \$32 billion annually to the Canadian economy.

The CCS has justly won international admiration for its beautifully designed kits for public and high school children, and for its 35-year-old, self-copied Industrial Cancer Education Program. But such programs are emphatically not interventionist. Last fall, the same who organized the program, explains: "We lecture workers on the signs of cancer and answer their



questions. We have never investigated whether our audiences of asbestos workers or uranium workers were themselves reporting higher incidence of the disease. That wasn't our job." Nor have broad investigations of carcinogens been a major job of the NCIC, which, besides the public education, "has been commercial and occupational research in Canada is at a very low order." It may also be the reason why, when Dr. Horrobin applied to the NCIC for a grant to study diisopropyl's effect on the growth of tumors, his application was rejected three times. Last month, the depart-

ment of health and welfare's health protection branch submitted \$500,000 to investigate the impact of cancer—apparently contradicting the NCI's position that the study was "not worth doing."

Yet the NCI's reluctance is only consistent with its policy of basing cancer through early diagnosis and cure is opposed to preventing it or finding ways of helping its victims cope. Last year, for example, out of 233 grants awarded by the NCI, only 26 were related to clinical research and epidemiology (the incidence and spread of disease). Only seven looked at practical problems of prevention—the effects of diet, aging, occupational carcinogens—and only one dealt with the quality of patient care. The sort of research projects that more usually find favor with the NCI are those that enhance existing forms of therapy. Dr. Lloyd Shureman of the NCI Cancer Foundation says a total of \$2.1 million has been received in federal, provincial and NCI grants for the center's TRIMF cyclotron (a machine for basic physics research that accelerates negatively charged atomic particles and targets them at tumors). Last year alone, TRIMF garnered \$250,000 from the NCI's budget of \$13 million.

Such impressive technological projects are obviously popular with both governmental and NCI grant panels. But an even grander prospect of funds flows in the direction of "pure" biology—virology projects that examine the



Gold: From the laboratory to the social

impact of viruses on healthy cells and immunology projects that study the body's natural defense systems and their apparent failure to resist the disease. In the advance part of such research in Canada is the McGill Cancer Centre's Phil Gold and his team-mates, Dr. Joe Schuster and Dr. David Thomson. Last year they received \$387,000 from the NCI (bringing the total received from this source and from the federal government's Medical Research Council to well over \$3 million in the

past decade). Gold and his co-workers focus on the cell surface. Here molecular structures act as recognition systems—that is, the structures on one cell fit into those of neighboring cells, so each cell recognizes and co-operates with the other members of the tissue. "Chatter," believes Gold, "seems to occur when these recognition systems are altered." Researchers still don't know what causes the alteration. But because Gold himself has found an antigen (a substance that stimulates the production of antibodies) in both adult cancer victims and healthy fetuses, he subscribes to the theory that much of the information that tells a cell to behave in a cancerous way is already stored in the cell's DNA genetic library before birth. When a cell becomes cut off from its community, it "re-expresses" the old information.

Gold's research has already led to earlier diagnosis of certain cancers by monitoring changes in the body's antigen production. He speculates that a cure for cancer could be in finding ways of attaching an antineoplastic agent specifically to changed cancer cell surfaces (see diagram). A different "fit" would have to be found for each type of cancer and for each individual patient. This sounds impossibly intricate—but, in fact, is pretty close to what Dr. Tom Stewart, professor of medicine at the University of Ottawa, hopes he has done. Stewart has helped develop a drug cancer vaccine "keyed" to the individual tumors of individual patients, and is currently co-ordinating a joint American-Canadian study, with NCI support, of his vaccine's effect on 380 cancer patients.

Yet despite the flow of money and intellectual energy to this research, there are "apparent contradictions," admits the McGill Center's director, Dr. Roger Hand. Hand says, "It's my belief that the answers lie not at the cell surface but within its DNA library, where somehow a viral intruder puts a new blueprint into circulation." The swirling hypothesis is different again at the B.C. Cancer Research Centre. Dr. Richard Ska, pointing to tanks of tiny blue tropical fish bred to have cancer immunity, says "The environment is full of carcinogens. The real question isn't the cell surface, or the cell's intruders, but the cell's repair mechanisms. Why can one cell repair the damage better than another?"

The theoretical squabbles are just a small part of the larger frustration of investigators in the field. Phil Gold sighs and confides, "We've been working on cancer antigens since 1962. The media have reported our 'break-throughs' so many times that I cringe."



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DR. PHILIP GOLD'S APPROACH TO CANCER TREATMENT

NORMAL CELLS COMMUNICATE BY MEANS OF CELL SURFACE STRUCTURES



normal cell N

TUMOR CELLS NO LONGER COMMUNICATE WITH SURROUNDING NORMAL CELLS



tumor cell T

THE APPEARANCE OF TUMOR-SPECIFIC ANTIGENS ON TUMOR CELL SURFACES AND SUBSEQUENTLY IN THE BLOOD IS A VERY UPGRADE WAY OF DETECTING CANCER



an antigen is a substance that causes the formation of antibodies

A TREATMENT FOR CANCER COULD BE IN ATTACHING ANTICANCER AGENTS TO TUMOR-SPECIFIC ANTIGENS THAT WOULD HOME IN ON THE TUMOR-SPECIFIC ANTIGENS



antibody

His own field, immunology, "may have been overvalued to the public." Dr. Hershfield, speaking perhaps with particular bitterness and radicalized by his recent experiences with the NCI, is even harsher: "Because we don't try the new but keep refining the old, cancer research has come to a dead stop," he says.

Meanwhile, the orthodox line of attack on cancer is being undermined by evidence that unconventional treatments such as chemotherapy and radiation may be more than just ill. Perhaps the most troubling example is acute myelogenous leukemia (AML), one of the more common forms of leukemia, which has been recently linked to the effectiveness of treatment for Hodgkin's disease.

Perhaps the clearest sign that the

TOP FIVE KILLERS IN CANADA, 1978



public is impatient with traditional research is the growing interest in alternative therapies. Though both the conventional Lattreite, an extract of bitter almonds and apricot pits, and Essiac, an herbal tea, cannot be sold in Canada, more and more patients are taking advantage of the fact that they may legally possess them for private consumption. In 1978, public pressure forced Ontario to allow clinical trials of Essiac. This January, California became the third state to legalize Lattreite treatments.

Meanwhile, a cancer underground has sprung up: an ad hoc alliance of environmentalists, holistic doctors, mad patients grateful to alternative therapies and shadowy figures such as Andrew Weil, the Canadian physician involved in the Biogen stock fraud case, who remains a major Lattreite extrovert. They have built an international network of letters, referral services and patients' rights groups. The fast-growing 1,700-strong Canada-wide Consumer Health Organization (CHO),



Painkiller patient being treated with TRUMP: innovative technology and theoretical anomalies abound

for example, has on its board of directors Libby Gardner, mother-in-law of Stephen Ramo, president of DeWitt Nissen and the millionaire banker of the Impetus Corporation, which holds the rights to Essiac and which distributes it free. The CHO is also affiliated with the American National Health Federation, whose board includes Andrew McLaughlin.

The underground holds that diet and vitamin treatments that build up the body's defenses make more sense than surgery and attacks on tumors which weaken the body. They are beginning to have an impact. In Toronto, Dr. Bob Bence, a senior researcher at the Ontario Cancer Institute, is leaving his respected office to lead a brand new cancer prevention service focusing on diet. In the U.S., the National Cancer Institute is in the midst of its first clinical trials of Lattreite and diet therapies, while at a recent international immunology conference in Paris, French and American researchers reported that vitamin A delayed or prevented tumors in mice by up to 80 per cent.

The NCI, cautious and conservative, is not yet passing these directions of research, but very informally, interest is building. Doctors at the Maxwell Ryan Clinic in Vancouver have several patients under surveillance whose cancers appear to have responded favorably to immunologic treatments administered elsewhere. One is Truly Brown, a 35-year-old housewife from Aldergrove, B.C., who flew to the Caydi Clinic in Tijuana, Mexico, for a treatment of Lattreite, vitamin therapy, plus a chemotherapeutic agent, cytarabine, which apparently put her disease into remission.

As the research establishment broadens its inquiries, research pri-

orities seem to be swinging. Phil Gold says, "Then the scientific to the normal." When the NCI first announced its interest in a quality-of-life study of patient care in the research community, nobody knew how to respond. So the NCI took the unusual step of running a workshop at Toronto's Guild Inn to teach the researchers how to apply. The NCI has also funded palliative care projects, its first venture was with Canada's premier project in 1976 at Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital.

The palliative care unit takes a revolutionary view of what constitutes medical treatment. The staff includes a spiritual therapist, a chaplain, home nurses and social workers specializing in bereavement. Jean Cameron was a social worker attached to the unit when she found the lamp in her own breast. Today she keeps her pain under control with 160 mg of morphine every four hours and spends much of her time advising other cancer patients on how to best manage to remain as apparently unbothered. "I try to tell them it's not why you have cancer that's important," Cameron says. "It's the quality of your time left, how well you cope."

The broadening of research and treatment brings with it the admission from even the leaders of the cancer establishment that prevention is probably the biggest part of beating cancer. A century ago, the medical profession was divided over what to do about cholesterols. The group, known as "the epidemiologists," favored quarantining and treating victims to beat the disease. Another group, "the mechanists," took the environmentalist view—that it could only be beaten by feeding better, sweeter and drugs. Though a cure for cholesterols was eventually found—a costly process that involved replacing a good portion of the body's fluids—improved sanitation certainly deserves the lion's share of credit for victory. So it may be with cancer—a critical mass of ecologists, environmentalists, prevention therapists and the research establishment together may achieve some sort of breakthrough.

Working with them, but in the front lines of the war, are the patients themselves. Esther Roberts is a 41-year-old Calgary nurse and founder of Cancerquest, the fast-growing patients' self-help organization. Recently, Roberts' own cancer, lymphocytic lymphoma, suffered a relapse. "But sharing my experience with other patients helps me cope," says Roberts. "Sometimes when I see how cheerful everyone at our monthly meetings can be, I realize I'm having fun—and I grow optimistic again." Ultimately, there can be no breakthrough without such hope.

With files from The Toronto and Ontario Field in Toronto.

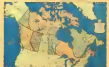
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Corporate Cannibals

Inflation fuels the reckless pace of Canadian corporate take-overs

By Anthony Whittingham

It had been like watching a rodeo rider clinging to the side of a wild steaming oil rig, and last week, when Seagram finally loosened its grip and flew off into the dust, it may have been better that the ride ended with wounded pride than broken ribs, perhaps even a broken neck. The withdrawal of Seagram Co. Ltd., the Montreal-dwelling conglomerate, after a month-long fight to take control of New York's St. Joe Minerals Corp. for \$2 billion, ended a take-over struggle as bitter that many are wondering how Seagram, coached by some of the best investment strategists money can buy, could have misjudged its target so completely, as disastrously it made Seagram look a bit like a male trainer who had wandered into the wrong paddock with a snort too small and too quick at all.

What makes Seagram's aborted bid for St. Joe more noteworthy, however, is the fact that it is the fourth unsuccessful attempt by an affluent Canadian company to buy control of a U.S. corporation to join this year's Canadian Pacific Enterprises Limited in a bid for a primary re-buff in its bid for Richard Corp. after a struggle of comparable intensity. First City Financial Corp. Ltd., controlled by the Balsberg family of Vancouver, was similarly snubbed for its considered bid to gain control of the Bank Group Inc., the large New York investment house. Toronto's Peoples Jewellers Ltd. also arrested the Sale Corporation of Dallas, Tex., by making unwanted overtures that friends in Washington went as far as to pursue punitive legislation before Congress until Peoples and its friends worked out an amicable agreement.

In each case it's hard to judge whether anti-Canadian hostility is an increasingly potent U.S. business environment had anything to do with the outcome. "I'd say that was part of it," notes Tony Fide of P&I and Knowlton Inc., the New York public relations firm often hired by companies trying to repel unwanted take-over bids. Certainly U.S. companies don't hesitate to fight back and they do have an arsenal of weapons to draw from. "But take-over isn't always about money," Bruce Limited of Toronto, for example, succeeded during this same pe-



Seagram's Charles Brindham (above) Competition Director Brindham once bidder will often flush out the others.



riod in reaching a peaceful agreement to take up a commanding 28-per-cent position in Philadelphia's Scott Paper Company. Similarly, Inman Limited of Montreal, the tobacco and food conglomerate, last month completed the full take-over of Florida Food Systems, Inc., a large U.S. fast-food operation—another move underlining the equally massive take-over plays that have succeeded in recent months in both Canada and the U.S.

"Typically or unfortunately, what we're seeing right now," says Hugh Brinkman, research director for Richardson Securities of Canada, "is a new take-over flurry, both here and in the U.S." Richardson's statistical analysis of major stock buy-outs shows the take-over cycle in Canada, which had earlier peaked in 1978-79, has started again. Just over \$6 billion in stocks traded on the Toronto Stock Exchange disappeared through mergers between 1978 and 1980—and though new issues are helping to offset this loss of "float," the trend toward buy-outs seems on the increase.

While economists and legislators continue to debate the impact of take-overs because of the resulting concentration of wealth into fewer and fewer corporate hands, showed investors and corporations with access to large pools of cash are working so fast to gain the marketplace for the "bargains." "It's a simple proposition," says Jack MacKenzie, one of the principals of MacMillan Ltd., the Toronto investment firm with an intensive skill for sniffing out potential take-over targets and buying an early position to sell later at a profit. "In these inflationary times, it's far cheaper to buy than to build. Look at Altria. You couldn't even begin to replace its assets with the \$558 million it cost the Reichmanes to buy the company."

The key to today's boom in stock market buy-outs is clearly inflation, making the take-over case of the "90s and a different phenomenon from the growth of conglomerates prior to 1970 as charted by the Royal Commission on Corporate Concentration. Corporations today can use leverage financing through the issuing of non-vulnerable preferred shares or tax-exempt debt to raise money from investors. In the past, take-over inflated dollars—consuming millions that subtle sense acquisitions to vir-

tuously finance themselves. "If it weren't for inflation," says Duff Scott, executive vice-president of Greenfields Inc., "many of the acquisitions we're seeing today wouldn't be possible or would be considered foolish investments."

If inflation makes marginal investments possible, other factors contribute to the "fever" as well. High profits, heavy cash flows and easy availability of bank credit, held back by otherwise slow economic growth, make companies reluctant to expand. Uncertainty favors the buying of proven assets rather than the risk of new ventures. "In a sluggish economy," says University of British Columbia political economist William Sharkey, "mergers and acquisitions are often seen as the only route to sustained rapid growth." Many business leaders acknowledge that there is also a mob psychology to mergers—that one bidder will often flush out others, and one deal will bring about the next, sometimes for reasons overvalued by unrelated to operational business considerations. The Altria take-over by Olympia & York Developments (May) of Toronto, for example—purely an accounting, or investment delight among holders with no underlying demand in pulp and paper operations—in turn triggered a sale interest in MacMillan Borel Ltd., the Vancouver forestry giant that led to a skirmish between Noranda Minerals Ltd. and British Columbia Resources Investment Corp. (BRCI) and brought another surprising power play

by O&Y. This, in turn, will keep off a fight for Dantex Inc. and British Columbia Forest Products Ltd., two other forest products companies. And so on. There are other strategies as well—those deemed as "share repurchase" plots to ward off other takeover suitors. For example, Noranda's successful take-over last year of McEwen Paper and its current bid for McEwen may both be sound investments, but they also happen to serve the convenient purpose of making Noranda of a size increasingly unlikely to take-over itself.

"The question we still don't seem to be coming to terms with, however," says Sharkey, "is whether these mergers and take-overs are providing any real gain in efficiency to our economy." The key areas here are dynamic competition affecting pricing, technology and unit costs. On this front a better theoretical and ideological battle is being waged—with the mainstream of Ottawa's



Lawyer Erickson (left), Greenfields' Scott (above) involved in manoeuvres and tactics.



The folks who stoke the fires

"Our strategy was totally fruitless for Olympia & York because it left them to choose. The blocks of shares were set up in such a way that it absolutely forced their hand if they wanted to get control of the company at all," Duff Scott of Greenfields is awaiting a detail from the March take-over drama of Altria-Price by Olympia & York (O&Y), a contest in which his firm played a key role in assembling the courtship-bids—setting, in effect, an power broker determining the more O&Y needed to succeed. Scott has an even richer store of plots and subplots when the conversation turns to the Royal Trustee takeover attempt the previous fall, although there his firm was on the other side, representing Campden Corp., the "ramp" company, and was itself being frustrated by the weaknesses and tactics of the brokerage firm of McLeod Young Weir Ltd. "The strategy, and the deal, was a failure," explains lawyer Corbitt Emerson. "Each new take-over seems to add over dimensions to the state of the art."

both for the attack and the defense. Emerson and his law partner, Howard Bink, of the Toronto firm of Davies Ward & Bink (DWB), have been probably the most take-over action than any other specialists in Canada. In addition to playing key roles in the Royal Trustee, Altria, and Alco-Paper Power take-over struggles, DWB is currently acting as legal adviser to MacMillan Borel and to the Harbinger, a Estem-prised Ltd. minority shareholders under siege by Tootsie Corporation.

It's a fast, bold and high-powered take-over game—often a death game, growing pool of specialists who "harpoon" the take-over game—the machine makers who crunch the numbers, the lawyers who negotiate the mine of regulations and the public relations specialists who manage opinion. In the U.S., where take-overs are as blood in the streets, it's a "business" in itself. The standard legal handbook on take-over defense strategies, for example, is as thick as the Toronto phone book. In Canada, it's quieter, subtler. And a smaller number of firms dominate some Greenfields, Gordon Securities and others. They use the brokers DWB, Tony Tory, McCarthy & McCarthy and Hale Canada among the lawyers. "The take-over game is a very complex game," says Emerson. "The shooter is usually fairly well developed here yet," says Emerson. "But it may get that way." —A.W.

The happy cold warriors

Business and government may publicly grieve, but the game suits them both

By Roderick McQueen

THE last few hours meagrely and the April warmth. Ancient stone crink past phantasies of dead governments. A murmur of members seeps from the second-floor dining room where fresh snail grasses the memo Lancashire at the Toronto Club. Here, former premiers, corporate executives and high priests of finance withdraw from the world for the food and good gossip. My companion, a club member and investment counsellor, peers over his plate to say, "They're not listening in Ottawa." He quotes the prime minister's policy adviser, Tom Axworthy (brother to Lloyd, friend and defender of women) as saying "Why should we listen to business? They voted Tory." Other proof follows, then the disclaimer "Jim Coates won't return Jack Armstrong's calls." Hence Why wouldn't Coates, the PM's principal secretary, at least be polite to the chairman of Imperial Oil? Imperial is not able to confirm or deny the story. My cell requires Coates isn't required.

After Ann Patterson or floundered to open an investment fund, he is consistently misinterpreted. Perhaps it's just another story in the fire.

More likely, it's all so much fake flak in the renewed cold war between business and government. Through 1978, the two were almost lovers when the elected Trudeau government and the unelected Economic Development gave everyone businessmen eyes. Then when the Conservatives won in 1979, go was boundless as business cheered. "What a fraud we have in Joseph." There were consultations before the Tokyo summit, multiple parties into the prime minister's office and cherry meetings between the two sides that outnumbered the days in the brief regime. Then Clark collapsed and the world went black.

The resurrected Trudeau, who sat the Business Council on Strategy Issues (a 158 member group of chair executives offered two or three times in his previous incarnation, has not received them since winning Nor in any meeting

subdued. Other signs of war include last fall's interventionist National Energy Program, said by business to be socialist, and the eight-year combined investigation into the petroleum industry that is seen as a witch hunt.

None of this is newly gouted now. In 1970, Trudeau's year-and-a-half interview convinced business he would strangle any free enterprise whistles previously sound. Those were fractious times, for when a group asked Finance Minister Donald Macdonald privately whether



he had consulted them Royal Bank Chairman Roderick McQueen on some matter, Macdonald replied tartly, "We have not yet been summoned to the throne."

The longest-running campaign in the cold war must, however, be competition policy. After studies and tinkering that began in 1968, another attempt to control take-overs in coming this spring. This time, however, three might be the political will and realities to succeed. Rather than come to Parliament with a two-inch-thick piece of legislation, Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister André Gauthier will table a scant 12 pages of amendments meant to demoralize combines live by strengthening the conspiracy clause, abolishing the sections that say that mergers and monopolies are criminal offenses and establishing a tribunal or court procedure to prosecute mergers and take-overs.

In future, for example, deals such as The Bay's purchase of Simpsons and

Zellers would require an advance green light. Trouble is, by the time the law is in place a year or more from now, there may be little left to guard. Since Jan. 1, 1978, 55 firms of the Toronto Stock Exchange's 300 industrial index have disappeared because of take-over, merger or going private. Why? Because in the past decade, excluding the energy sector, the cost of buying new plants and equipment rose three times faster than the price to buy or control firm.

Some target companies suspect that their defence devices are limited. After all its effort to beat off Campeau Corp., Royal Trustee Limited has two new major owners anyway, now that Olympia & York Investments Ltd and Branson Ltd have 38 per cent between them. The general question becomes who should decide ownership—(a) self-organized, (b) friendly bidders with business links, (c) an unaffiliated informed market, or (d) some of the above?

Two years ago, when Branson bid for U.S.-based W. W. Wiegman Co., it had to produce a highly readable 115-page document to comply with U.S. law. There is no such requirement for similarly digestible information or any airing at all before a cash offer goes through in Canada. If the government were to create—which it should—a tribunal with powers similar to the U.S. Securities Exchange Commission, business would whine but continue to live, just as it is learning to live with the National Energy Program. And, for the government's part, if there is other wrongdoing, neither to that alleged in the petroleum industry, that, too, will likely be shelved off to the limbo of the Business Trade Practices Commission for study. This kind of public grieving but private agreement by both means because if people get the kind of government they deserve, they get the kind of business that goes with it—the survival of the fittest. The cold war proceeds and the telephone calls continue uninterrupted because it suits both sides. Which is great if you like the idea of two superpowers in a bottle. Without strings.



MUSIC



Gould early in his recording career: consummate playing, oddball executive

For the record

THE GLENN GOULD SILVER JUBILEE ALBUM, THE LITTLE RUTH BOOK, BEETHOVEN SONATAS OP. 3, NOS. 1-3 AND OP. 28 Glenn Gould (CBS)

Glenn Gould's 20th year with CBS has occasioned a spate of recordings and releases, notably the *Silver Jubilee Album* which is half sublime and half fairly ridiculous. The first disc (of two) burrows into the audience and merges up with some consummate piano playing (but an oddball selection of music some startlingly). Sources and C.F.B. Bach, radiant accompaniments for Elisabeth Leventovskaya in three "Copland" songs by Strauss and a tangle arrangement by Liszt of the first movement of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*.



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plung with which Gould wrestles like a courted conductor.

Also included is Gould's own buffa page for voices, *As You Want to Write a Page*. That is a robust and sophisticated comic turn—more than can be said for the second record, a fantasy debate in which Gould deals patiently with several eccentric, fictional critics whose characters he also assumes. Sadly, most of the humor is lost and predictable. Dr. Kurtzfeldt, Ringwetter, the hyper-technical German critic, and Theodore Skits, the completely stoned critic of the New York Village Green in Germany, have their moments but are stinging out too long. Sir Nigel Twitt-Thornesbury is a cringing bore rather than a portrait of a cringing bore, and Gould's English accent wobbles. Finally, the sense of fun is frequently arrested by the ex-



boringly lame comments scribbled for moderator Margaret Passa. The value of the record lies not in its timeless parables but in its use of the Rorty method to visit sacred and hallowed defenses of Gould's artistic credo: his withdrawal from the concert stage, his use of the madras piano for early and Baroque music, and his obsessive use of the razor blade in splicing together his recordings and radio documentaries.

The Little Black Book, a catalog of lay-brother tidbits from previous discs, demonstrates again Gould's debatable and so precisely like mastery of J.S. Bach. There's some startling pretentiousness and perky use of modern rhythms in these 30 short pieces, and at times the most disarming simplicity and contrast.

The four Beethoven sonatas provide more mixed reactions. Again, there's much belittlingly sentimental, clipped playing which makes for exciting but movements, but in his quest for clarity and direction Gould tends to pick the bones clean. However, use of staccato often gives a perverse effect of darkness to Beethoven, and the search for the emotional heart of the slow movements isn't sufficiently intense. Like a doctor on the verge of a medical breakthrough, Gould gets so excited about his cure for alcohol playing that he is in danger of opening its side effects. —JOHN FRANKS



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Taking safety in stride

Flashing \$20 bills in a crowd and wearing an expensive watch are well-known tactics to muggers, but a recent study points to a subtler signal: a person's gait. According to Betty Grayson, a professor of marketing and communications at New York's Hofstra University, walkers unconsciously telegraph their weakness through their stride.

The study, published in the *University of Pennsylvania Journal of Communication*, explores nonverbal interchanges between victim and assailant. Working with 65 convicted assassins, Grayson showed her subjects videotapes of 66 people she had filmed walking in a crime-ridden area of New York City. The prisoners then rated the pedestrians' attack potential on a 10-point scale, from "easy rip-off" to "would wound it."

The most likely targets—women over 40—typically had a stride too long or too short for their over-all build, swung the

Grayson: sidestepping muggers means slouching, poor gait, not just limps



left arm with the left leg or vice versa (Joe Clark hobbles), lifted instead of swung their legs or moved their upper bodies independently of their legs. Victims, predominantly under 40 and male, "had an organized (re-orientated) quality about their body movements," notes Grayson.

She offers small comfort to the elderly and handicapped, who can't change their movements (her prescription for assault-attracting walks is behavior modification). But Esther Greenglass, a psychology professor at York University in Toronto, sees no need to panic and suggests that Grayson broaden her research to examine the personality factors that underlie the movement patterns. The older woman, says Greenglass, appears weak and discouraged because "she has lost her sex-object status, has a 60-90 chance of being alone and is among the poorest people in the country."

Currently looking for funds to expand her research, Grayson makes no far-reaching claims for her study. Already, however, she offers police departments a practical application for her findings. If it's not where people venture but how they walk that determines their fate, decoys in search of muggers need only alter their gait and wait for the pounce.

—Jill Kargman, Los Angeles

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BOOKS

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Porter: no winner, no instant jackpot

The six finalists for the Seal Books \$50,000 First Novel Award had been notified in February that they were on the short list for the big money and prestige literary grab that has sent previous winners Anita van der Meer (Netherlands), Vancouver lawyer William D. (Netherlands), and Timothy Minchin-Jones (Ode's End) happily on their way to international success. But when the call came at the end of March, it was an anticlimax for all of them. Anna Porter, the president of Seal, regretfully told them that for the first time since the inception of the contest four years ago, there would be no winner and no instant jackpot. The judges—two from Britain, two from the U.S., Porter and publisher Jack McClelland from Canada—had been unable to reach a consensus. "It was not the kind of phone call any of them wanted to get," said Porter with characteristic understatement.

The problem seemed to hinge on something other than the literary merit of the submissions. Part of the Seal award arrangement provides that the winning author will be published simultaneously in the U.K., the U.S., and Canada. What apparently appealed to Canadian tastes—a novel set in Las Vegas by Toronto writer Gary Ross—was turned down by the Americans (nobody wants to read about Vegas anymore, they said), while a novel by Calgary writer Bill Kinsella about baseball predictably struck out with the Brits.



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Because publishers from all three countries lack the money for the award, their lack of enthusiasm for the other judges' choices brought them to an impasse.

The result, according to Enaklet Rasmussen, "is typically Canadian dithering—a big fink, nothing happened." Several of the finalists (Rasmussen and Kimball among them) were contacted by the news that their books would probably be published anyway—the publishers thereby hooking the fish without losing the bait. But along with their disappointment, they had some questions: could it be

that the beleaguered McClelland and Stewart, which owns a controlling interest in Bantam-Steel, simply did not have the money this year? The perennially aggressive publisher McClelland was quick to deny this and said, in fact, that they had been "bleeding lucky" not to have reached this kind of impasse before. The contest will continue next year, the prize money will remain at \$50,000 and some septuagint senile will surely have to figure out beforehand how to satisfy the commercial cravings of three different publishing worlds.

—JUDITH THORNTON



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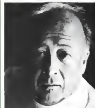
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PEACE BREAKS OUT

by John Knowles
(Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$11.95)

A S.J. Perlman might have put it, so call *Peace Breaks Out* a poorly written novel in like referring to St. Peter's as money or Luke Hanson as mutant John Knowles, the author of the much-acclaimed, 20-year-old *A Separate Peace*, has returned to the New Hampshire boys' prep school for the setting of this forgettable tale, and it is so doing his profound sense of the distant past the side of Frank and Joe Hardy. "What the hell is going on in there?" Pete Halloran asked himself, hearing reverberations in his



Knowles: dull as Hardy boys

apartment. He made his way through the various narrow corridors to the back of the house. Poking his head in the Batt Room he said, "What's going on in here?" No doubt about it, Pete Halloran is someone who says what he thinks.

What exactly is going on here is a question that will madden the mind of any reader stubborn enough to bear with the entirety of *Peace Breaks Out*. The year is 1916, and Pete Halloran has returned to his old school as a young man, still scarred by his wartime experiences. Although his corpse's head was "abruptly transformed into a head of bloody mush" and Halloran's wife had written "a truly classic Dear John letter" informing Pete that she had "met a man named George," the Italian campaign was kids' stuff compared to a year at Devon School. A neo-Nazi student named Hochmeister and a young luge-in-fanatic named Wuxford enjoy a relationship that loosely resembles that of a madhouse and noble. Their mutual animosity—around which the

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plot, so to speak, revolves—raises a whole paragraph of questions which does for the art of interior meanings what American readers did for *Mavis Cheema*. "Could an education, pomp, Hittorian power be allowed to disrupt the school? Could he be expelled, simply for being obnoxious? Could he be benched out by the others? Was that to be permitted? Could it be stopped?"

Fortunately, it could, but it takes 100 recruiting pages to do so. This is the kind of book where people never do anything without an adverb. Everyone smiles comfortably, laughs pleasantly, talks delicately, sports artfully and taps impatiently, at one point. Wardlaw manages to wonder really and gaze stylishly at the same time. An impressive feat so that in, within a paragraph he has been out-modified by the remarkable De Stanpo who goes right back at Wardlaw "with a mixture of tiredness and dogmatism."

Although Knowles does his utmost to obscure the fact, there is a germ of a novel here. The story of a young ex-soldier encountering a classroom of boys who know the war only through headlines and newspapers might have been an interesting place for a writer to begin. That these boys missed the war by a single birthday is not without its narrative possibilities. But what literature gained when John Knowles took pen in hand, was America's loss. By the end of the book, over the main character in beginning to grow weary of it all. "Numbled his brain. Sipping coffee at the table in the sitting room in his undershorts, Pete stared that word over in his mind: numbed, numbed." You can say that again.

—DAVID MACFARLANE

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

1. *The Covenant*, Mulcaire (2)
2. *SPIED*, Douglas (3)
3. *The Key to Rebecca*, Pallett (3)
4. *Firstwater*, King (3)
5. *King of Aweris*, Shelden (3)
6. *Brexit*, Cook (3)
7. *Creation*, Fiala (3)
8. *The Ghost of Africa*, Stevenson (5)
9. *Calder*, Poiré, the Wine, Freeman (5)
10. *Valens in Time*, MacLennan (5)

Nonfiction

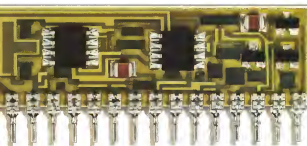
1. *The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide*, Bremner (1)
2. *Common Sense*, (1)
3. *Crisis Investing*, Clegg (2)
4. *The Northern Maple*, Gupta (2)
5. *The Chances*, (2)
6. *Paper Money*, Smith (2)
7. *The Little Inventions*, (2)
8. *The Common Currency Collapse*, Smith (2)
9. *Black Evidence*, Lytle (2)
10. *Made in France*, MacLennan (2)

(1) Fiction last week

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COLUMN

Culture burdened by bureaucracy

The Applebert Committee is more attuned to politics than culture

By Barbara Amiel

There are those illuminating moments in human affairs, when a poignant confession gives the game away. Such a moment occurs on page 17 of the discussion guide of the Federal Cultural Policy Review Committee. "There is some reason to think," writes the committee, referring respectfully to the Canadian love for foreign television and books, "that Canadian audiences and the public associated

with various cultural activities do not necessarily prefer domestic products when they are available." This statement is on a par with that enigmatic confession by the Emperor Hirohito—who, after Nagasaki and Hiroshima, addressed the Japanese with the words, "The war has gone in a direction not necessarily to Japan's advantage."

The Federal Cultural Policy Review—known among the liberal as the Applebert Committee, a telescoping of the names of its chairman, Louis Applebaum, and his co-chairman, Jacques Hébert—is spending \$2.8 million to study what a federal cultural policy ought to do. One is tempted to say that if, among its conclusions, it makes one that this is the last taxpayer's penny ever spent in studying culture, it will be worth every cent. But by now the vested interests of the Canadian cultural industry have made the subject so complicated and jargonized that any direct statement as the object of national policy would be dismissed as "naïveté."

Let us then, in the spirit of the times, look more closely at the problems of culture in Canada.

A major problem, indeed, is the spirit of the times. The Applebert document, aside from its little charts and barbed drawings that ask such timely questions as: "Are present programs adequate for the cultural needs of the handicapped, isolated or low income groups?" The context that notions such as equity and regional representation are introduced into a discussion of the creative process—never mind such effective tripping new artistic concepts as the

needs of handicapped and low-income groups—we are talking in a language that may be good politics but is antithetical to the arts. The arts, whether high-brow or low-brow, are not democratic. Whether we are talking about the talented pop group The Nylons or the razor-sharp intellects of Margaret Atwood's poetry, we are talking about the elitism of excellence. The very new-speak of the Applebert Committee with its sociological considerations and preoccupations with "the specific and sec-

tion making Robert Redford inaccessible except through subtitles, (2) undertake a policy of territorial conquest which would make us an imperial power and get our poets read with far more attention than any External Affairs book jacket could.

I do have one practical suggestion. Dubbed the 95 government agencies that agonize about whether to give money to poet bill Barrett or to students seeking their Canadian-Jewish identity in England. This would free more money for major cultural institutions. It would also

have well enough alone. The Karen Kalin, Graham Gough, Stamps' Toss Cannon would flourish on a combination of their own drive, funding of national institutions and, yes, The Marketplace. For those who sneer that this is a 19th century laissez-faire notion, one is tempted to refer that our entire civilization is based on this laissez-faire foundation—a culture that has certainly proved to be more vibrant than the fundamentalist, market court-faughted, nihilism from the Byzantine Empire to the ancient Chinese, not to mention the Third Reich or the U.S.S.R.

If we must appoint official patrons, scrap the bureaucrats. They have never served into such a formidable lobby group with rules, guidelines and such tangled values that they are able to say, as council sounds officer Nina Van Veenhoven did to use a couple of years ago, that in the view of the Canada Council a book review was "service literary criticism," and appeared in The Publick, marginal in Saturday Night and worthless in The Globe and Mail or Maclean's." Did the content of the review have any bearing on the council's judgment, I inquired. "None," she replied confidently.

The best thing to do would be to take 10 highly colored Canadians and, with no guidelines, give them \$ million dollars to disperse as they see fit. Failing that, let's take 10 names at random from the telephone book. None of them could be worse than the council bureaucrats I mentioned and some might turn out to be much better.



Demanding access for all

Disabled activists are shaping a new civil rights movement

By Val Ross

The other guests in the glossy Toronto hotel lobby have never seen anything like it: the onslaught of 400 people, most of them labelled "handicapped," many of them visibly handicapped, some mute, some in wheelchairs, talking loudly about confronting the "so-called normal people" with "the need to change society." All are delegates to the first Eastern Canadian conference of People First, a civil

This one is already as profoundly disruptive—as quick to divide generations, neighborhoods and loving families—as the great civil rights struggles of the past. More than two million Canadians are disabled. Avoided from spats by the wheelchair "mobility" of mutilated Vietnam veterans in Washington, a new generation of handicapped Canadians have taken their wheelchairs and post-up grievances to Parliament Hill, inspired by the feminist movement, their two are waging previous warfare

After two Supreme Court decisions in P.E.I. and Nova Scotia affirmed the right of group homes to locate in residential neighborhoods, the mentally handicapped have even followed blacks in affronting property values and propensities by moving in next door. And all this has been accomplished even though the legions of signposts—mostly communicating with the deaf, the paralysed, the speech-impaired, and bearing the invisible together—presented more obstacles than ever faced civil rights groups before.

On the floor of a society has been offered across accommodation to the disabled. From crippled U.S. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to the legendary one-armed Pete Gray (1945 outfielder for the St. Louis Browns) to record-breaking, one-legged high jumper Arnie Balk of Winnipeg, disabled pe-



rights organization of the mentally handicapped. Today their brother, Bill Blade, bearded 26-year-old Ontario President David Lenczels, radiates the same electric energy as an argument leading a march or an evangelist who has just brought his sermon varying to his feet. Slowly but forcefully, to a thrush of cheers, Lenczels calls for better working conditions, a revolution in public attitudes and constitutional endorsement of civil rights. "I've talked with leaders of other handicapped groups," he says, "and our problems are the same—we're getting screwed." As volleys of frustrated human energy ripple through the crowd, bystanders, startled by the eloquent acidity of his demands, are forced to realize that society is in the throes of an emerging civil rights revolution of the wealthy and plebeian, the handicapped



Disabled activist Jo-Ann Hale (left), People First delegate (center), Vietnam veterans' march awakened them quickly

on traditions and semantics (Winnipeg wheelchair activist Jim Derksen asserts, "We're not activists, we're consumers of services," while Kitchener star Peter Lang, of the Commons Committee on the Handicapped and Disabled, begs, "Don't say 'crippled,' say 'mobility disabled'"). Reprodding the battle scenes of American blacks, the militants have overcome exclusion from lunchettes (since 1976, dog guides may accompany their blind owners into Ontario restaurants). They have crossed the thresholds of public schools (in 1978, an Alberta Supreme Court decision ordered the Lacrosse County school board to widen doors and build a ramp for wheelchair-bound student Betty Catterton).



rons are worshipped at the North American pantheon. Since 1973 all federal buildings have been built with ramps and wheelchair-wide doors. This year, the CBC has just introduced two shows with close captioning (TV subtitles for the deaf). In the private sector, staffers' wheelchairs, seated authoritatively through the halls of forward-looking employers, such as Alberta's News Corp. and Bell Canada. Just last year, Canadian gave \$5.5 million to the "Thruway" Easter Seal campaign for crippled children, and more than 14 million viewers proved their sympathy by tuning in to watch the Jerry Lewis Muscular Dystrophy Telethon.

The new activists deplore Thruway and telethons. The most strategy-minded, however, aren't too fastidious to lever as public sympathy—and shame—to elevate their demands for radical change. Last Nov. 3, a small but resolute delegation from the 50,000-member Coalition of Provincial Organizations of the Handicapped (COPOH) launched their war for constitutional endorsement of their rights by turning up on Parliament Hill accompanied by an arsenal of crutches, wheelchairs and dog guides bearing signs (WHEELS? IT'S MAIN RIGHTS IT'S A DOG'S LIFE). "Believe me," grins Saskatchewan activist Elyse Peters, "what flustered the politicians? When it still appeared, the January, that the charter of rights would not cover the handicapped, the militants unleashed threats of 'boycotts' of halt, lame and blind petitioners descending on the Commons. Quickly the politicians fell into line.

The new charter of rights will clear the way for what David Baker, legal counsel for Toronto's Advocacy Resource Centre for the Handicapped (ARHC), promises will be "a flood of cases on everything from wrongful dismissal to the blind being barred from jury duty." But even after the much-awaited charter becomes law, it won't guarantee continuity of dollars-and-cents benefits to handicapped people who leave from province to province. Besides, in an era of economic decline, how else won't get the handicapped a better deal? Despite a mass of new laws, a north-south divide in unemployment and safety records, nearly 50 per cent remain unemployed. Last month, when 250 potential employers were invited, by letter and follow-up phone calls, to a Kingston, Ont., workshop on hiring the handicapped, just over 28 actually appeared. Halifax C.O.P.O. activist Shana McCornick suggests a job-for-the-disabled telethon. "Of course," he adds, "it's easier for a corporation to write a cheque to charity than to hire a person. Yet the labor market is still choking over the understated influx of working women. So

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Jim DeKoven negotiating Portage and Main: a 20-minute journey by wheelchair



Vaigt, with Fonda, as crippled vet (left). Bobb Jumper—hero worshiper

background, president of the Labour Council of Windsor and District (where unemployment is 18 per cent) speaks for 700,000 able-bodied unemployed Canadians when he admits: "You know how it is, we've got to take care of our own injured workers and lead off our list. We can't go out as the street to help those who've never worked before."

Nor can the already-employed disabled translate sympathy into dollars. In Woodstock, Ont., James Hutchinson, a lawyer with multiple sclerosis, in asking the courthouse and the province to install an elevator in the two-storey building, Hutchinson is optimistic ("It's hard to refuse a man on two canes"), but the cost is \$30,000. On this kind of expense, and perhaps equally demand, the militants' position is indefensible: access for one disabled person means both symbolic and potential ac-

cess for all. Bob Troutman, an epileptic volunteer at the Alberta Committee of Action Groups of the Disabled, avows, "When an architect told me he hadn't put in ramps in a church because the church had no disabled congregants, I said, 'And it never will.'"

Accessibility doesn't characterize the militants alone. Christian Horvath's group booms in betting is betting in both the Ontario Superior Court and at the Ontario Municipal Board against property owners of Kitchener, Ont., who fear their affluent neighborhood will be downgraded and their children ordered with the arrival of five unrelated physically and mentally handicapped adolescents. Breakfast Club Chamberlain protests: "It's the prac-

ple of the thing. We were led to believe this area was some single family, free from annexation." The schools, too, are becoming collision sites between the public and the militant civil rights activists. Twelve-year-old Warren Low of Ashcroft, B.C., was denied a place in his local public school because the South Carleton school board said it would cost \$45,000 a year to provide the special assistance the blind, autistic boy requires. The case is still before the courts, whatever the decision, it's clear that unless money for additional support staff is provided, mainstreaming disabled kids into public schools will only cause more frustration. After a year of monitoring everything one diabetic six-year-old put in her mouth, and repeating the day's lesson for a deaf boy, a B.C. Grade One teacher (she begs anonymity to protect her pupils) says,



Signing for TV from House of Commons

"I was so burned out, I regularly threw up after work."

The integration of the disabled into full participation is intensely gratifying. Not only does it demand money, time or even the guilt-charged admissions of anger, it fundamentally challenges basic precepts about what it is to be a full human being. Nowhere are these precepts more clearly shown than in the way the retarded, crippled and physically disabled are denied experiences of their human urges for sexuality and reproduction. True, after first squaring in dehuman embarrassment, North American film audiences permitted themselves a peek at a paraplegic Vietnam vet, played by Jon Voigt, making love with Jane Fonda in Coming Home. But it is still (slight) in most provinces to perform marriage for the retarded. When People People's Ann Turkel reminded the Toronto conference that despite her reforms, many mentally handicapped adolescents are still starved, some of her audience wept.

And yet Oveile Endicott, legal research coordinator for the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded (CAMR)—an organization of parent-concerned professionals and retarded

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actors from People First—admits that the CCMR goal is divided over the issue, and specifically over a sensational case involving the proposed sterilization of "Evel" (the name used in court documents to protect the identity of a 26-year-old P.E.I. woman). Eve's elderly mother simply can't afford to bring up her daughter's unplanned habit. Rudmont says, "Even if you take the view that the right to procreate is fundamental, you have to protect the children of severely limited people." In Ottawa two years ago, the Children's Aid sent the baby of a deaf-mute couple. "We had to," argues Assistant Director Joyce Turnbull. "The little girl had fallen from her high chair and suffered brain damage. It was a question of the parents' judgment." Rev Robert Marshall, who espoused passionately with the couple to retain their baby, blames himself. "I should never have told them to trust Children's Aid," he says bitterly. Much of the self-appointed business of activist groups is to monitor such cases, provide what funds they can and alert the media. People First's David Lincoln smiles. "The media is one of our biggest friends." So are the politicians, at least in appearance, at televised political conventions, each of the three largest federal parties produced a "tape" to translate for the country's tiny 23,000-strong deaf community.

However powerful their allies, and however strong their own strategic organization, the militants know they face two battles alone, which can never be won in their lifetimes. First come the daily skirmishes with a world determined for the able-bodied. It takes 28 minutes for a person in a wheelchair to negotiate

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Winnipeg's interviewees of Portage and Main—via an underground garage, two shopping malls and a hotel lobby—because no ramps were installed in the underground pedestrian walkway. With the sole exception of Edmonton's ramped and wide-sloped public transit system, "Never mind the lack of the bus," says Peter Lang, "the disabled still can't get on the bus."

The other enemy is more insidious—what Winnipeg CCOH activist Jim Denkes calls "the image of the charity recipient, the passive Chuck Tum." Around 50,000 Canadians work in the private agencies and rehabilitation services for the handicapped, and to their shock they hear themselves singled out as the image's major architect. From Halifax, career activist Sharon McCormick rails against "monopolistic agencies like the Canadian Paraplegic Association—they share the hell out of us." In Toronto, nurse (Blind) Organization of Ontario with Selfhelp Tactics changes the Canadian National Institute for the Blind with manufacturing services such as rehabilitation and refusing to open its doors—making to the managers in Edmonton, the nurse says, "the workers' welfare was left to children, CCHD-sponsored workshop where fear of them had been causing \$50 a month. Edmonton CCHD Director Robert Elton, pointing out that the



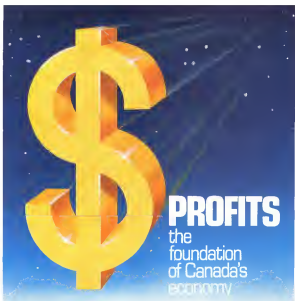
Loewer is kitchen: custom-built life

workers earned more than their social assistance would have been cut, Denkes is called the welfare's "kick." "There was no contract, no union." A union is just the radical step David Lincoln is supporting for the mentally handicapped workers now paid \$60 a week by a shel-

tered workshop in eastern Ontario.

Unions: the extended (probably no more distant) than organizing non-English-speaking immigrants, attacking the unions and lobbying on the Hill are very likely too radical for the vast majority of Canada's disabled. Alice Loewer, a feisty ("Promise you won't call me 'impaired'") Halifax clinical psychologist and inventor, says that though she sympathizes, she's no activist. She has spent her time customizing a wheelchair she had custom-made to her specifications. It has freed her from dependence on expensive and difficult-to-repair electronic equipment. Her kitchen she planned so that free-standing portable units allow her to cook from a wheelchair. Loewer believes, "Being disabled means custom-building a life for yourself, on your own."

To the activists, it means doing for each other. Status 8000's President Jo-Anne Tule "A voice in the wilderness goes unheard, but the voice of a crowd cannot be denied." They also want their revolution, now Yvonne Peters, the current Saskatchewan activist, explains urgently: "There's tremendous pressure on us to make the industry's choice: International Year of Disabled Persons. Though I am concerned by the token nature, we've got to use them. This year is the last leg step."



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An infectious health threat

By Barbara Matthews

Last November, seven months after his return to Port Stanley, Ont., from the beaches of Mexico and Guatemala, Gerry Van Boven, 30, developed a high fever. Two weeks and two sets of blood tests later, a local pro-

vincial paediatrician, Dr. John Hoffman, confirmed malaria—the first case he had diagnosed in his six months of practice.

Ten years ago, only five cases of malaria were reported in Canada. By 1979, the number had leapt to more than 300, estimates for 1980 run as high as 1,000. The incidence of other exotic infections is also multiplying as travel to warm climates continues to grow. The most recent statistics show that in 1979 nearly 775,000 Canadians returned from areas where tropical diseases are endemic—an increase of 80 per cent in six years. Advertisers run risks that vary from the killer falciparum malaria in locales such as Haiti, to the blinding



Tourists abroad: risky diseases from killer malaria to parasites.

onchocerciasis in tropical Africa, to "traveler's diarrhea" in Thailand.

"Tropical diseases within Canada [are] one of the fastest-growing health problems in our country today," states the four-year-old Toronto-based Canadian Society for Tropical Medicine and International Health. Dr. Philip Stuart, society president and a past laboratory director of the Tropical Disease Unit at Toronto General Hospital, points out that Canadian doctors generally fail to diagnose a tropical disease such as the debilitating worm infection of the intestine. Meanwhile, they treat affected patients to question their mental health. Because tropical diseases produce nonspecific complaints (febrile, irritability), "misdiagnoses are perpetrated or the doctor diagnoses the person as a hypochondriac," says Stuart. A consultant on cases referred from across North America, he is critical of the scanty tropical disease training in Canadian medical schools. "70% are lucky if they get 30 hours."

Laboratory technicians also need better training if they are to recognize parasites in routine blood tests. At the department of health and welfare's Laboratory Centre for Disease Control in Ottawa, Director-General Dr. Albert Clayton points out, "If you are in Saskatchewan and your local lab can't identify the disease and they send the sample to Ottawa, it could take at least two weeks to identify." In 1988 the National Reference Centre, sponsored by Clayton's health promotion branch, checked 4,823 blood samples that local and provincial laboratories had failed to recognize or confirm, compared to

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Smart and pamphlets "people operating below par deserve treatment"

Director of the Tropical Disease Unit at Toronto General Hospital, Bob Harris, a 25-year-old Toronto supply teacher, is a classic example. After two months of backpacking in India and Nepal last fall, he developed hepatitis and six parasitic infections. "I wasn't traveling the five-star hotel route," he explains.

Specialists worry that even tourists who do opt for package tours are not being informed of health risks. Bob Gareth Davies, executive director of the

2,000-member Alliance of Canadian Travel Associations in Ottawa, maintains agents are telling customers all they should know. He sees no necessity for giving out any of the brochures available from the Canadian Society for Tropical Medicine or the department of health and welfare, which outline potential risks and detail precautionary measures. Keynotes disagrees. "Travel agents could reduce the risks by giving their clients a pamphlet," he says. "What people need is something they can take home and read."

Even a cautious and well-informed traveler is not guaranteed immunity from disease. As Keynotes points out, the most important thing people can do if they are feeling sick after a trip in the tropics is tell their physicians where they have been and when. Many parasitic diseases, like Van Boven's malaria, can remain in the system for months or years before surfacing.

In the tropics, diseases like malaria are killing hundreds of thousands of people. Here the manifestations of freedom or chaos are far less dramatic, but debilitating and unnecessary nevertheless. "We have to eradicate the concept that tropical disease may not be worth treating," says Smart. "People operating below par deserve treatment even if they are not falling down and dying in the streets." ☐



Master of decoration and delight

Inuit artist Kenjiak's one-woman show has been 20 years coming

For more than 20 years Kenjiak has been a pivotal figure in the burgeoning field of Inuit art. Her audience has come to expect images of mythical power and strong appeal. The *Archaeodred*, reproduced in textbooks and postage stamps, is one of the most familiar icons of the genre. However, her first one-woman show at the newly opened Gaudard Editions (an annex of Wata Gaudard's Calgary Gallery) unveils her departure from the mythological figures and sombre hues apocryphally with Inuit prints. A palette of bright colors and an emphasis on ornamentation in the six new lithographs on display signal a major shift in the inventiveness of Kenjiak.

Spirit of the Owl is typical of the new decorative spirit. The colors—strong pinks, oranges and a turquoise—are perhaps too vivid to be successfully assimilated with Kenjiak's forms. One misses here the aura of other-worldly mystery couched by much of her work; there is a disquieting suspicion that the emphasis on decorative patterns may eventually undermine the impact of her images.

Much of Kenjiak's artistic vocabulary is still familiar—the floating forms which she combines and recombines her prehistory drawings. Reminiscent of Matisse cubists—both artists are masters of delight—these forms are at once exuberant and restrained, held together by her absolute formal mastery in sculpture and graphic work. As a sculptor, Kenjiak has always been able to embrace the stolid runs of soapstone, making ingenious use of its veining, natural flaws and color changes. There is none of the lurchingness of second-rate sculpture. Her limbs proem and ruffle their feathers, protect their young or pose for flight. This of course is not naturalism, and the sculpture sometimes veers toward a stylization that suggests a superficial formalism rather than a fresh interpretation.

Historically, Kenjiak—an artist whose images come from a simpler world—is watching her work undergo the most sophisticated form of packaging and promotion. *Graphic Masterworks of the West*, Kenjiak's limited-edition book (250 copies at \$2,500 each) being promoted at the show, brings all her printed work together between elegant carious hide covers. This is an extravagant yet not undeserved tribute to

a body of work whose visual appeal, for many, is tempered by the knowledge that its world is inaccessible, has largely disappeared and can never be fully understood by those outside it.

What has not disappeared, however, is the creative vitality of the Inuit, and Kenjiak insists that she gains her energy to the enjoyment of people in the north. Consequently, her images have been freed from mythological or

religious meaning and can speak directly to her audience like a voice in the Inuit tradition in which making and decorating things is simply part of daily life, and at the same time putting herself in the Western tradition of "art for art's sake."

The skill and decorative flair of Kenjiak's art may, in the long run, compensate for the increasingly felt absence in her work of Inuit experience and beliefs.

—CHARLOTTE TORWISSE GALLIE



'Spirit of the Owl' (top); Kenjiak, still quite handy with her fish spear

Home is where the art is

In a Toronto restaurant of some status but little reputation, Kenjiak prepared to relax. She pulled her chair up to the table. At the end of the red linen tablecloth and carefully spread it on her lap. Throughout the meal, when the need arose, she wiped her mouth with it. The waters, with all their superlative security, took note. And Andy Warhol does the same thing. Kenjiak is in New York, the practice might have become fashionable. But one man's style is another's stigma, and for Kenjiak, Canada's foremost Inuit artist, the reaction wasn't only one thing: she was a long way from home.

Kenjiak has spent about \$30,000 yearly, still tells her own experiences and lives in a modern frame house in Cape Dorset on the northwest coast of Baffin

Which bag would you prefer?



At this moment, President Reagan and his Cabinet are reviewing the future of U.S. Passive Restraint Legislation. (An act that would provide for factory installation of air bags in all cars.)

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Island. It is there, as artist and breadwinner (she is twice a widow), she draws and curves, and as mother, takes on the unassuming role of chef, cook and bottle washer for her six children. The house is filled with knickknacks—Karpis dolls and souvenir ashtrays, a tennisracket is parked out back. But despite this domesticity, Karpis is not really at home. She complains that the house is a misery. "I don't like it," she says, through an Inuit interpreter, her accented face as smooth as polished soapstone.



"The Excluded One": mythical power

Her disaffection with the house is perhaps symbolic of a deeper feeling which denies modernity in its many manifestations. Although she admits to being hooked on CBC's *The National* (even though she doesn't understand English), it is a small consolation, for Karpis's world is not one of satellites and Coca-Cola imported from the south. Her life, like her art, owns much to a simpler age. This may explain why Karpis's primitive icons give a sense of instinctively re-creating the life that has now vanished. To this day, she is still as skilled with a fish spear as she is with the tools of lithography.

The traditional, sometimes brutal lifestyle of trapping, hunting, or just surviving on the fringes of that burgeoning land was still flourishing when Karpis was born on Baffin Island 50 years ago. It was a time when bush families, like markers on a vast war-battered map, moved nomadically over the Arctic wastes—Harrigan, as Karpis's first to her late husband-artist Johnnabo, were arranged. "The woman's life was with the children in the house," says Karpis. "We were responsible for stretching and cleaning skins for market, making sure the fire was always going and preparing the food that the men would have. It was a full and interesting life." But it was also a sinister

life. Karpis lost six children due to their lack of immunity to disease and the absence of medical attention.

Although many of today's young Inuit have little truck with the myth of their elders, Karpis still talks of her grandfather who was a shaman, a strong man with prophetic, curative powers who could "take himself into a white spirit or make himself disappear." As a child, she saw a mermaid crawling through the Arctic waters. "We were in a boat and I saw her hair blowing backwards in the wind and her

soles touching in the water."

It is this rich cultural memory that Karpis has called upon in the thousands of drawings, prints and carvings which have been exhibited as far away as the Netherlands. Like many Inuit artists who have made their mark, Karpis was discovered by Toronto-born James Houston who, in 1948, sheltered his northern civility, moved to the Arctic and taught the Inuit the art of print-making and merchandising. In 1966, Houston was, sufficiently impressed with Karpis's seal skin appliqué designs that he gave her a set of colored pencils with simple instructions: draw. "At first, I didn't know what to draw," she says, "so I just began to draw what I liked." From this innocuous start, Karpis has risen to pre-eminence in the world of Eskimo art. Her work earned her one of the first Order of Canada medals in 1967, and recently, one of her prints brought down the price for \$15,000 at a public auction, the highest price ever for an Eskimo print.

That her art has changed her life is not in doubt. She has travelled widely, been feted by governments, touched the lives of many through her paintings and prints that have been the greatest effect of all her artistry. "She says without thinking. It has meant that my children will not be poor, that I can buy food and give my son gas money for the snowmobile." —JANE O'HARA

FILMS

The fine art of telling the truth

LES FLOUFFE

Directed by Gilles Carle

The great Canadian movie has been even more elusive than the great Canadian novel. Canadian films of late have been particularly depressing: soulless cover-versions of Hollywood-style caper scripts. Ruthless, gutless, none of these films have drifted off into the obscurity they so richly deserve. But if *Les Flouffe* is any indicator, there is a glimmer of light in the camp.

Like the best of Canadian movies—Gore's *Down the Road*, *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*—this film has roots and isn't afraid to show them. It has a sense of place and people, a sense of a society in transition. Director Gilles Carle is the Quebecer of the late '30s and early '40s, War in Europe looms, raising the thorny question of



conscientious French-Canadian assimilation is on the rise as an insular, rural society is forced to move into town in search of work in factories where the operating language is English. House unions are having trouble keeping workers docile. Standing guard over the *Plouffe* family and the rest of their Quebec City parish is the Roman Catholic Church, defending French-Canadian values and faith from the war plans of the British Empire, creeping American culture, and new-fangled ideologies from France.

The *Plouffes* get caught in the

Emile Gosselin, Noel (top); Arcand, Anne Lévesque: the great Canadian movie

wrap-up. An American baseball scout who happens to be a Protestant minister has his eye on the youngest *Plouffe*, Gilles-Louis—work to the extermination of the new Order, destined for a clerical collar according to his parents, is having trouble resisting the flirty charms of Rita, the neighborhood flirt. Papa *Plouffe* loses his job on a church-run newspaper for refusing to hang out the bunting to celebrate a royal visit. Daughter Odele, having lost her chance

to marry the man she loves because her mother needed her at home, now tries to give him up just because he's married.

The success of *Les Flouffe* is now news. Cast and crew seemed to have known it their bones who these people were, what this film is about. Each scene is leisurely pared down to the core issue of a parish struggling to cope with an encroaching world. Juliette Huard's married grandparents as Maria *Plouffe* is divine as she heads off to confession after the Protestant minister soothes her heart by nuzzling foot in it. Odele talks about having her teeth pulled so she can replace them with a fancy new denture because "all the girls at the plant are doing it." Gabriel Arcand turns Odele into a Quebecois Don Quixote trying to repress Rita with a one-man version of *Pushover* in the parker, he uses a bedspread for a curtain, lumps for spotlights and points out his passion.

For all the warm vignettes, the producers were right in trimming 30 minutes from the version premiered in Quebec City Superdome detail and scenes that powdered earlier ones prevented the film from knitting. But even with this cut, *Les Flouffe* is as long as a Wagnerian opera. Unfortunately it doesn't have the dramatic scale. This is small film done on a large scale and its sure may generate expectations it can't fulfil.

Les Flouffe has heart, craft and a powerful sense of itself. Not once does it reach for a cheap box-office device, not even does it try to be as clever as it can handle. Its appeal is rooted in honesty and it deserves a universal audience.

—WAYNE GREGORY

Going down that road once more

In the '50s, Canadian television belonged to *The Plouffe* Family. Every Wednesday night in French, every Friday night in English, the nation had its front of Believing Mackenzie white robes to watch the latest *Plouffe* in the lives of this archetypal family from Quebec City's working class Lower Town. From her son's's station of a polished wood-burning stove, Maria *Plouffe* would keep a wary eye on her brood. Odele, the back-winded pseudo-intellectual, Odele, the hard-wired spinster, Gilles-Louis, the golden-haired



ebony, athlete, and Nagaiwa, the slender jock. In the far corner of the kitchen Papa Théophile Plouffe rooked, puffing on his briar and looking on with patient amusement. *Plouffe* appears with overwhelming accuracy in the 1988 CBC annual report, of a potential TV audience of 6.4 million people, 5.4 million watched the *Plouffes*. However, when the CBC producers' strike in the winter of 2008-09 interrupted TV programming from Montreal and disrupted the arrival of the Quasi Revolution, the *Plouffes* sank from view, a curious embarrassment to many Quebecers, including some members of the cast.

But they didn't disappear forever.



Clair, reaching to the heart of Quebec

Last week the *Plouffes* came back with a splash, the stars of one of the most ambitious feature-film projects in the history of Canadian cinema. *Les Plouffe* is big budget (\$5.1 million and still counting), spilling off the giant screen in radiant color and packaged in three different sizes—a 3½-hour Canadian version, a 2½-hour international version and a six-part TV mini-series to be seen on CBC this fall or next spring. Can the *Plouffes* cast their spell again? "There's a magic to *Les Plouffe*," says producer Justine Héroux. "That family seems to have something to say to everyone. It's the Québécois family." For Gilles Clair, this magic is embodied in the novel. "These characters go to the very heart of Quebec. We see and feel how Québécois live in the way you see and feel Americans in American films and Italians in Italian movies."

Greeting the *Plouffes* at the gala world premiere in Quebec City were Prime Minister Trudeau, a cluster of federal and provincial cabinet ministers, assorted captains of industry, and just about anybody with sparkle in the

glitzy world of it should be qualified. Not that the premiere was an unqualified triumph: without time for an audience test screening, the producers had to sweat it out as guests struggled and squirmed through a 4½-hour version. By the following night's opening in Montreal, director Gilles Clair had lopped 30 minutes out of *Les Plouffe*, but insiders are saying that the 2½-hour version will be the finale.

A combination of history and ambition brought the *Plouffes* back. Remaking Roger Lemelin's 1988 best-seller *Les Plouffe*, history-professor-turned-film-producer Denis Héroux found himself amazed at the novel's scope and its grasp of the fundamental tensions in Quebec. Clair (*La Voie sacrée de Rimouski*), while intrigued by the challenges of mounting a Canadian Come With the Wind, could hear the ticking of the bomb that lies waiting for those who tinker with the classics. Lemelin also hesitated, wary of disturbing sleeping dogs. However, what proved irresistible was the idea of making a film that was more faithful to the novel. "The TV show was really a series of short stories based on the novel's characters," explained Lemelin from behind the imposing desk he occupies as publisher and president of *La Presse*. "There were so many things that you just couldn't touch on television. In the 1980s, nationalism, the labor movement, conservatism, the power of the clergy. You couldn't say that Pope Plouffe had a mistress or that Clotilde's boy-friend was a married man."

The adaptation of *Les Plouffe* was mounted in grand Clair. It de Mille fashion. The Quebec City neighborhood, long since fallen to the wrecker's ball, had to be recreated in Montreal's Point St. Charles. Whole blocks were dismantled and whisked back in time, streets were torn up, long-poled chimney pots were made to smoke again, streetcar tracks were laid and vintage trolleys, buses, ambulances, taxis and automobiles were romped up. Period costumes for 385 actors and 5,000 extras topped up \$200,000. In the sacred tradition of Canadian filmmaking, the shooting had to be shoehorned into three months, ample enough for one feature film, but a very tight fit when shooting the equivalent of three. But for all this effort, is there any guarantee *Les Plouffe* will play New York, Manchester, Strasbourg? Where is the car chase, the bedroom scene? Justine Héroux shrugs. "We've seen a lot of Canadian feature films in the last couple of years but even they don't seem to generate success at the box office. I think it's more important for a film to have roots. You can't waste a lot of time second-guessing foreign markets—and it's time to stop being afraid." —W.G.

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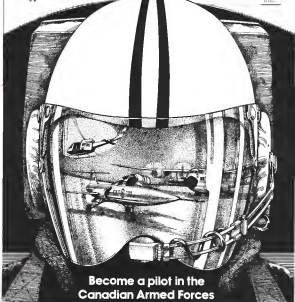
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Walk of the town

The measure of any city's civility is its boulevards and byways

By Allan Fotheringham

The measure of any civilized city is its walkability. The real test is to leave the door of your hotel and, if there is some ancient alibi that compels you to set out on foot rather than hail a cab, you're in a fortunate town. By these standards, Montreal, despite some recent woes, is still the most interesting city in the country. There's more quiet pleasure in loping along the disconcerting sidewalks of Montreal,

side and amidst cards on the other, is still the most elegant street in the land. Less Desjard's civic administration, which always professes openness to broad, has the broadest sidewalk in Canada, resembling a one-lane highway, but the stylishness of the sidewalks—especially the map-in-adorned Third and of Montreal still rather resembles Royal Street, with just the right radiating touch of punk rock providing the diffidence on the sidewalk.

As someone who likes to walk but has

ding facets of journalism is that the Toronto Star, the biggest and richest paper in Canada, has never since the days of Pierre Berton and Rex Huggart been able to produce a columnist who can transmit the feel of the country's No. 1 city. (It's interesting that the one writer who made a success of describing his walks around Toronto, Harry Bruce, now lives happily in Halifax, never to return.) The one successful "inside" column in Toronto, Gary Dunford's wildly irrelevant page in The Toronto Star, deals with racism and in-door shenanigans. Montreal, because it's Montreal, has its Peps in Nick Auf der Maer, who knows all the characters because he's one himself. A sharp-tongued raconteur who is a city councillor (and practically Desjard's only visible foe in town), he was thrown into jail under the War Measures Act, has written a book detailing all the Desjard's Olympic scandals and is a celebrated boulevardier. What Auf der Maer is good at giving is the texture of his city. Montreal is many ways in like the New York of the 1930s, where the patterns of life shifted

from saloon to saloon. There aren't many Desjard's around anymore, but Auf der Maer knows his city and can describe it. In a recent column, from his standard perch in the Rainbow Bar & Grill on Stanley Street, he recalled the strip joints on the street where Peggy Lee and Frank Sinatra used to sit, the jazz joints, the folkie hangouts where he used to clown with unknowns named Bob Dylan and Phil Ochs. He can even recall on Stanley today the Cozy restaurant, the Japanese one, the Pullab one, the cheap joint, the gay bar, the male strip joint—22 restaurants and bars in just three blocks. He was 30 last week, and 20 years in the Rainbow Bar & Grill gives a man confidence as his typewriter.

Montreal has Queen Street and Mountain Street, where the boutiques divide and multiply like parasites, and St. Denon Street, where the young Brits sit up and argue. It's a walkable town, which is still the major test of civilization.



Toronto is not a city conducive to casual walking, mainly because of the street grid pattern of its downtown core, which induces boredom, and its lack of prominent vistas—nothing is nature to look up at or down from. There are too many windows and too many cars, of course, but almost exclusively on the outside perimeter. The downtown core, while improved slightly, is basic Canada. Calgary is a divider, with the smallest properties of green-to-asphalt of any major Canadian city. They're taken for granted and paved in. It's always reminded of a space-age Flash Gordon movie, where everyone is transported on raised platforms. Quebec City and Victoria don't really qualify, since they fall into the category of built-by-Dimsey cardboard sets for the decoration of tourists by Kipling. Toronto's Elder Street, where the same women from Forest Hill peruse the wily Gerni and the elusive Pucci, may never have captured the many titles of Canada's streets. But Montreal's Sherbrooke Street, with Mount Royal on one side, Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

trouble finding streets up to my standard, the closest thing to perfection is the Rambles in Barcelona, where the foot-draggers are given twice as much room as the autos and there are more bookshelves and flower stands than in most cities. The Karlsruherstrasse in West Berlin is a people-watcher's haven, a minor imitation of the Champs Elysees. (If we're even set into a destination of Paris here, since there are really two levels of cities there in Paris, and then there are the rest. Somewhat like Wayne Gretzky there is Gretzky and then another tier beneath him.) London, of course, is made for walking; the dog-walk-dog streets are invitation to explore the next bend. New York, despite the unyielding grid pattern and the pathless fifth, so serene with energy and vitality that one is embarrassed just watching, let alone walking.

There is an exclusive Fotheringham theory, you see, that only walkable cities produce the desired Peps types who can do justice to them. One of the par-



"Dad and I decided it was time to go back to Martinson's Creek to do what we hadn't done since '63."

"We dug up my old shirt of Dad."

"The four of us headed back to the cottage, fired our catch and enjoyed a Canadian Club C.C.'s just right. Its smooth and light taste has made it 'The Best In The House', in 87 lands. And as Dad says, C.C.'s a tradition that's been going on for over 120 years. I told him he should know, that's how long it'll take him to catch another decent fish."

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